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THE
EXORCIST
BARF
BAG



"IF THE DEVIL MAKES YOU DO IT"

MAD

NO. 22

DECEMBER 2021

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Jason Edmiston

COVER ART FOR MAD #170
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, OCT. 1974
ARTIST BOB CLARKE

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

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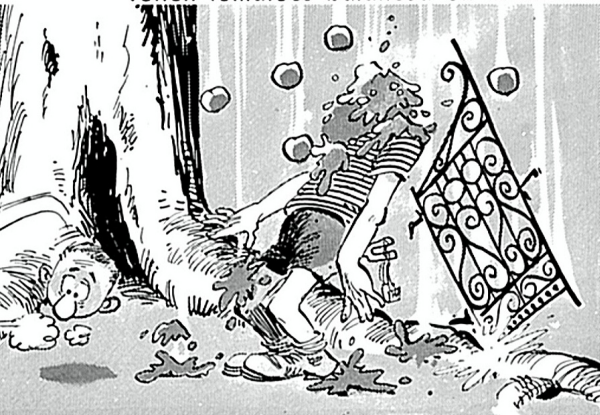


There are three methods of taking care of trick-or-treat pranksters on Halloween. The go to a movie and leave the house dark, which is even more cowardly. The third method place. Now, MAD proposes a fourth method, a new way of dealing with Halloween

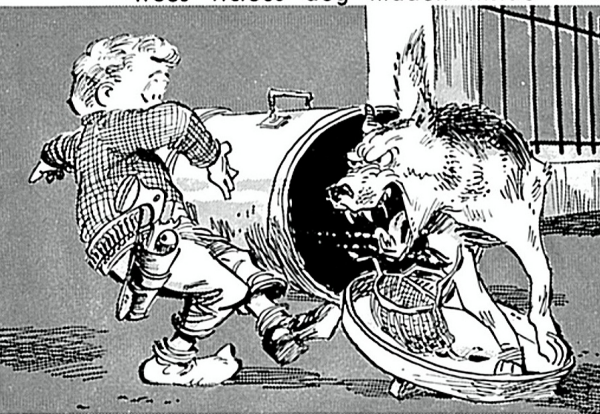
THE MAD H. TRICK-OR-T

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

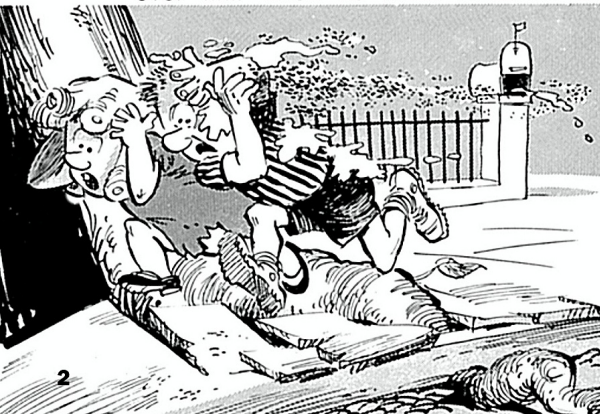
Tradition-bound Halloween pranksters who toss garden gate up into tree (1) find that gate shakes down torrent of rotten tomatoes balanced on branches.



Halloween prankster (2) who overturns garbage can is surprised to discover that falling lid removes muzzle and frees vicious dog hidden inside can.



Prankster planning to leave stinkbomb in mailbox (3) is greeted by swarm of bees attracted to honey released all over him when he lifted mailbox lid.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #43, DEC 1958

Prankster pulling old pin-in-doorbell gag (4) is shocked when he finds out that he now completes a circuit with the electrically-wired "Welcome" mat.

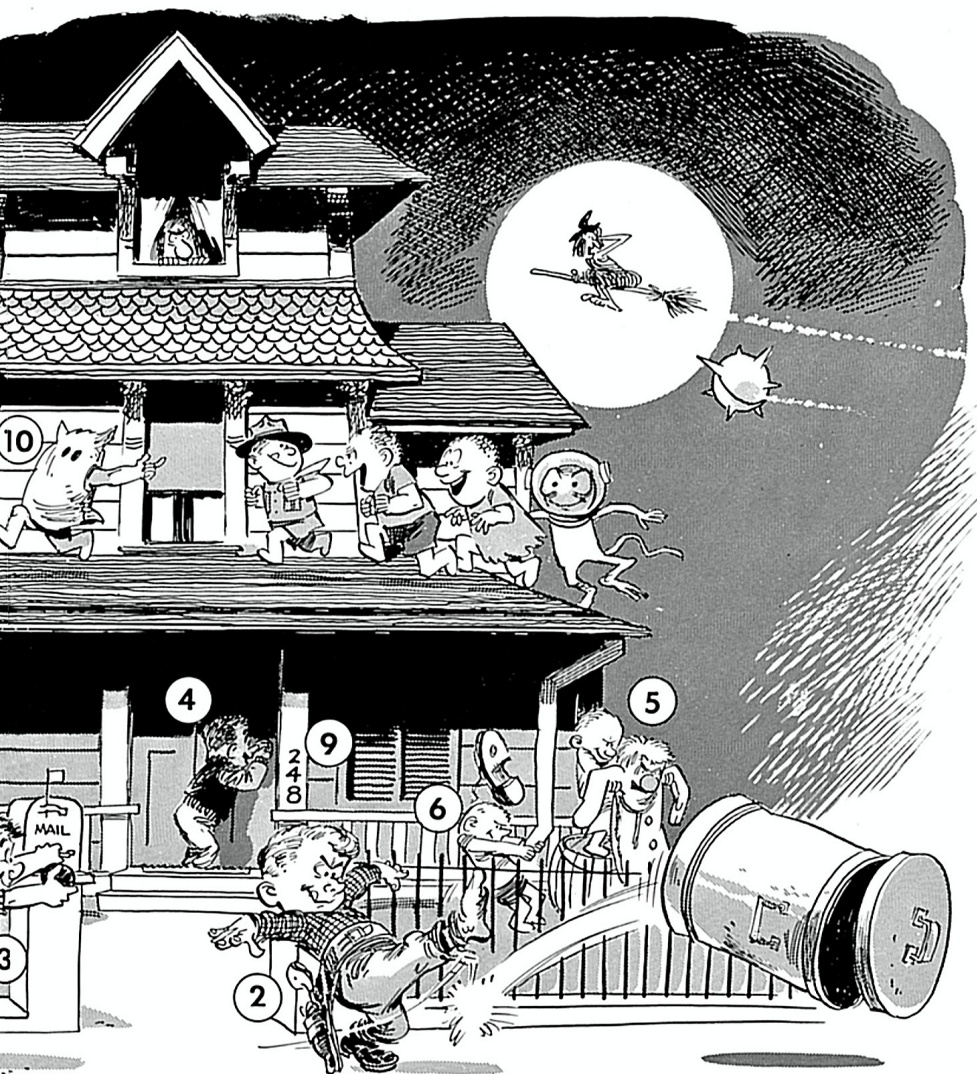


Prankster planning to hang home-made dummy from roof climbs on rain barrel (5), finds phony top is made of balsa wood, and barrel is filled with glue.

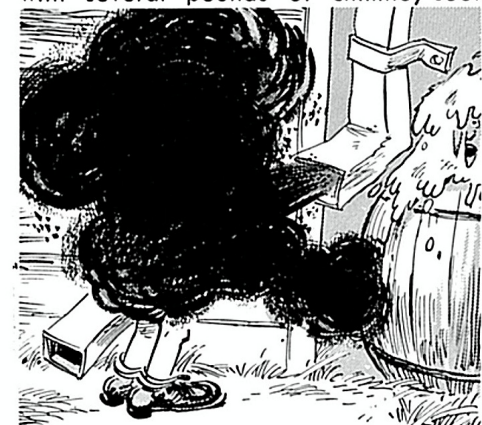


first method is to give them what they want, which is cowardly. The second method is to refuse to answer the doorbell, which is downright stupid because they'll wreck the pranksters. Instead of falling for the old trick-or-treat bit, you surprise them with the...

HALLOWEEN TREATMENT



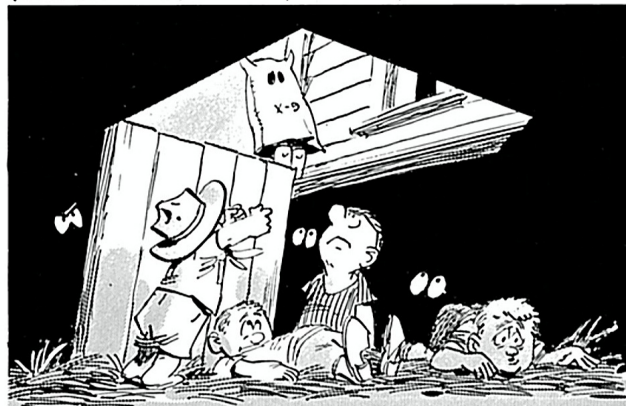
Prankster who decides to remove lower section of drainpipe (6) is shocked to discover upper section is filled with several pounds of chimney-soot.



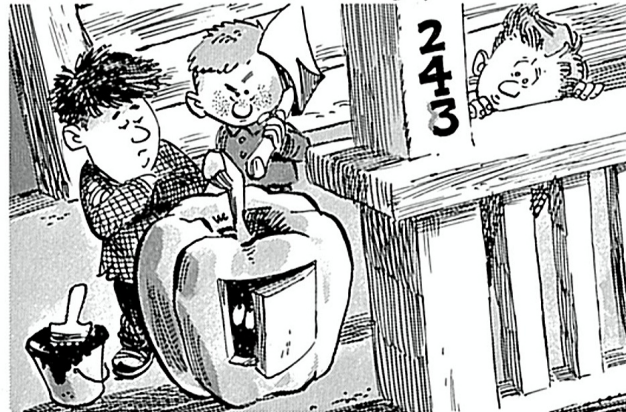
Prankster aiming to dump rotten eggs down chimney (7) finds it is made of paper maché with catapult inside that hurls spattered eggs back in his face.



Prankster (10) is no prankster at all, but actually counter-prankster hired by home-owner to direct unsuspecting pranksters toward traps and pitfalls.



House number (9) has been temporarily changed from actual 243 to 248 which prevents pranksters from remembering number for retaliation following year.



Old window-soaping routine (8) gets sudden new twist when prankster finds glass is only cellophane and momentum carries him through into tub of tar.





Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

THE

GESUNDHEIT!



Hello! I am **Father Merry** . . . a **Catholic Priest** in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!

Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something **important!**

We're digging! Stop bugging us!

Yeah, Father! **No kidding!** You're getting to be a pain in the neck!

Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get **MOSLEMS** to obey them? You should see the problems we have with **CATHOLICS** nowadays!

What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!

The answer to the second greatest mystery of all time!

The **SECOND?!** What's the **NUMBER ONE** greatest mystery?

Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in **Washington, D.C.**, spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in **Iraq!**

Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something **incredible!** It is magnificent . . . **priceless!** Men will **destroy** each other for its possession! **Governments** will **topple** . . .

HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.

JOE

DIG WE MUST

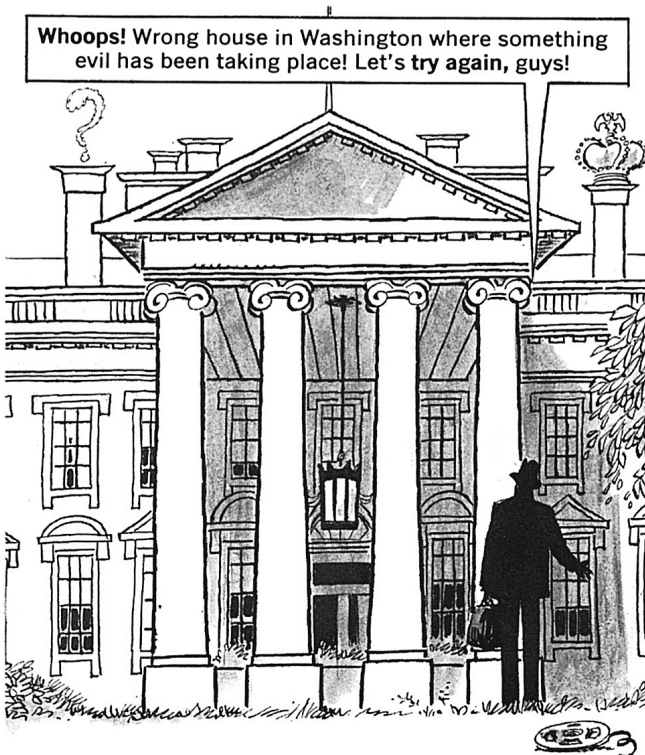
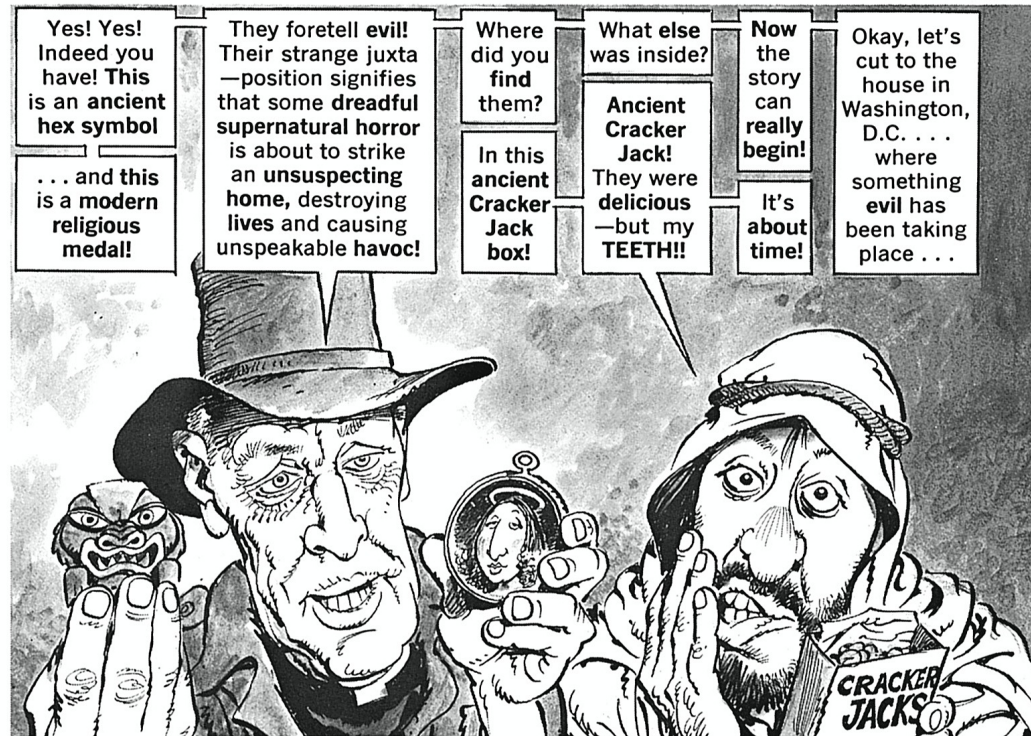
CONED

MRT. DRUCKER

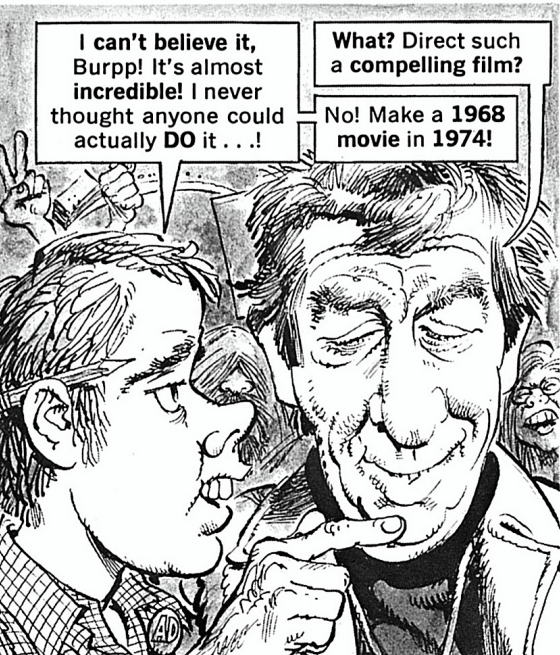
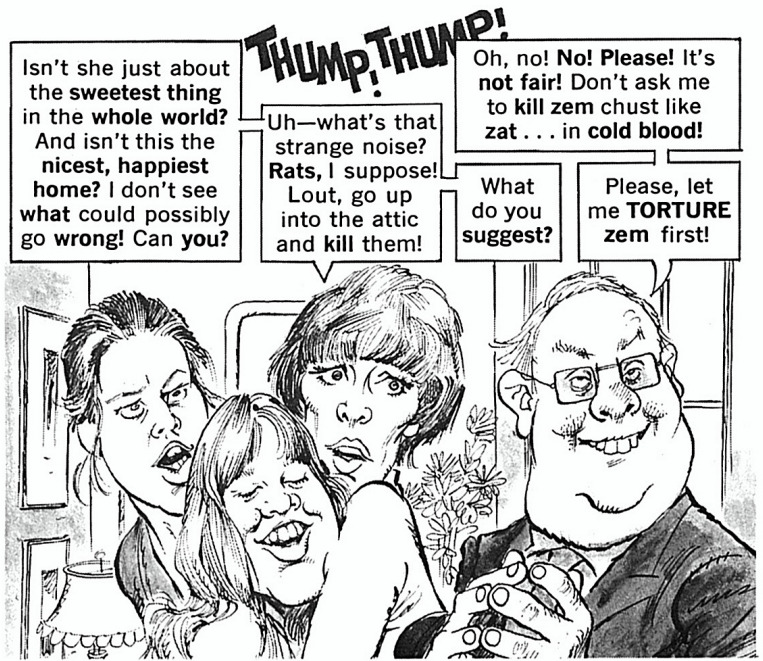


CCHORCIST

WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #170, OCT 1974





Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit...

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen... why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

I used to work in Chicago—

Hey! Who is that guy... playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No... from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING??

You're gonna DIE up there...

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but...

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act???

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"— I'll SUE!

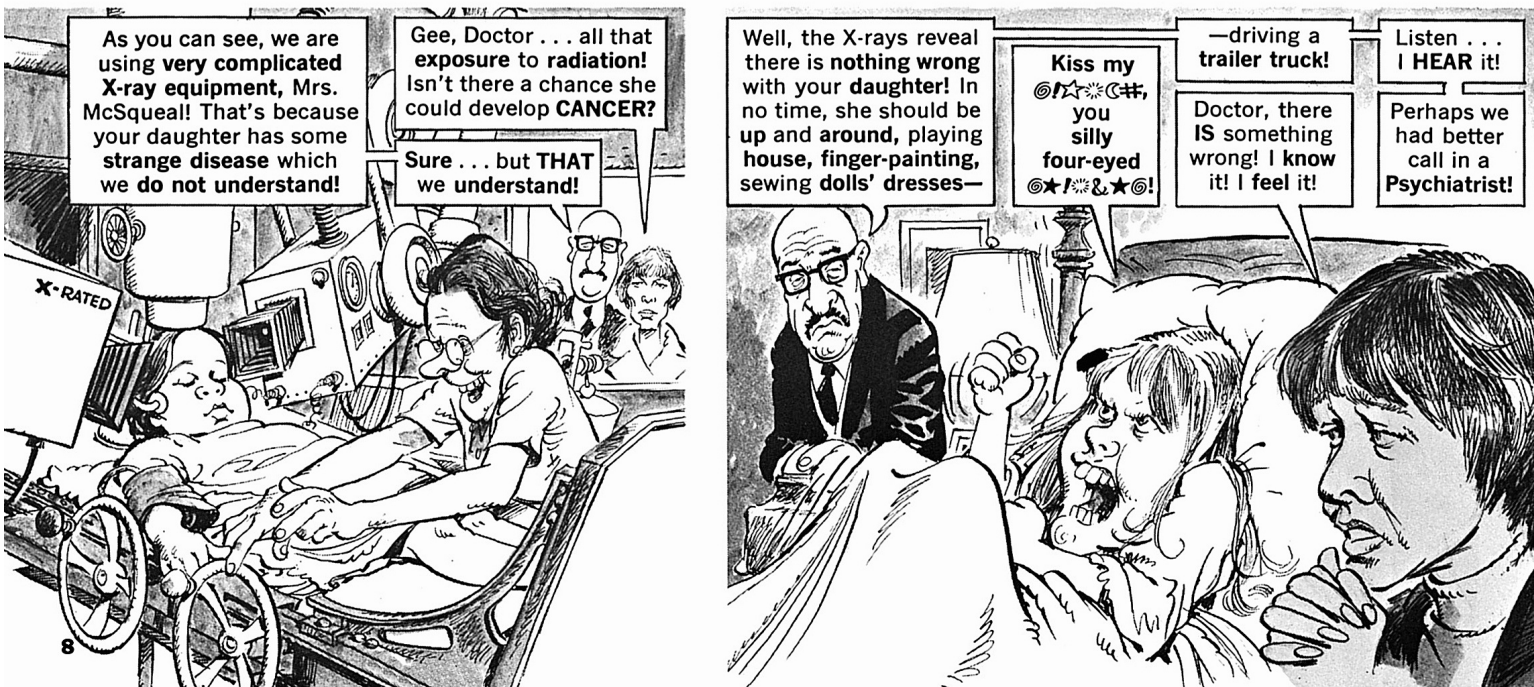
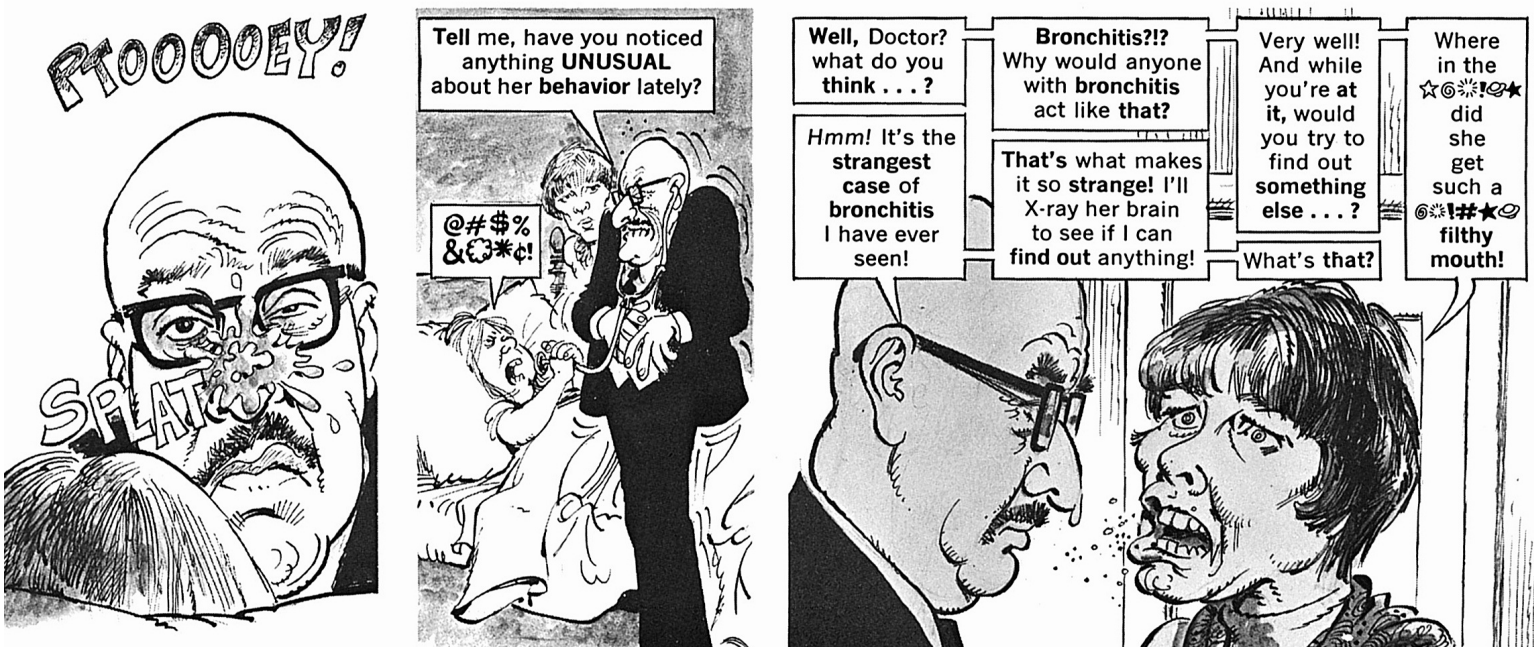
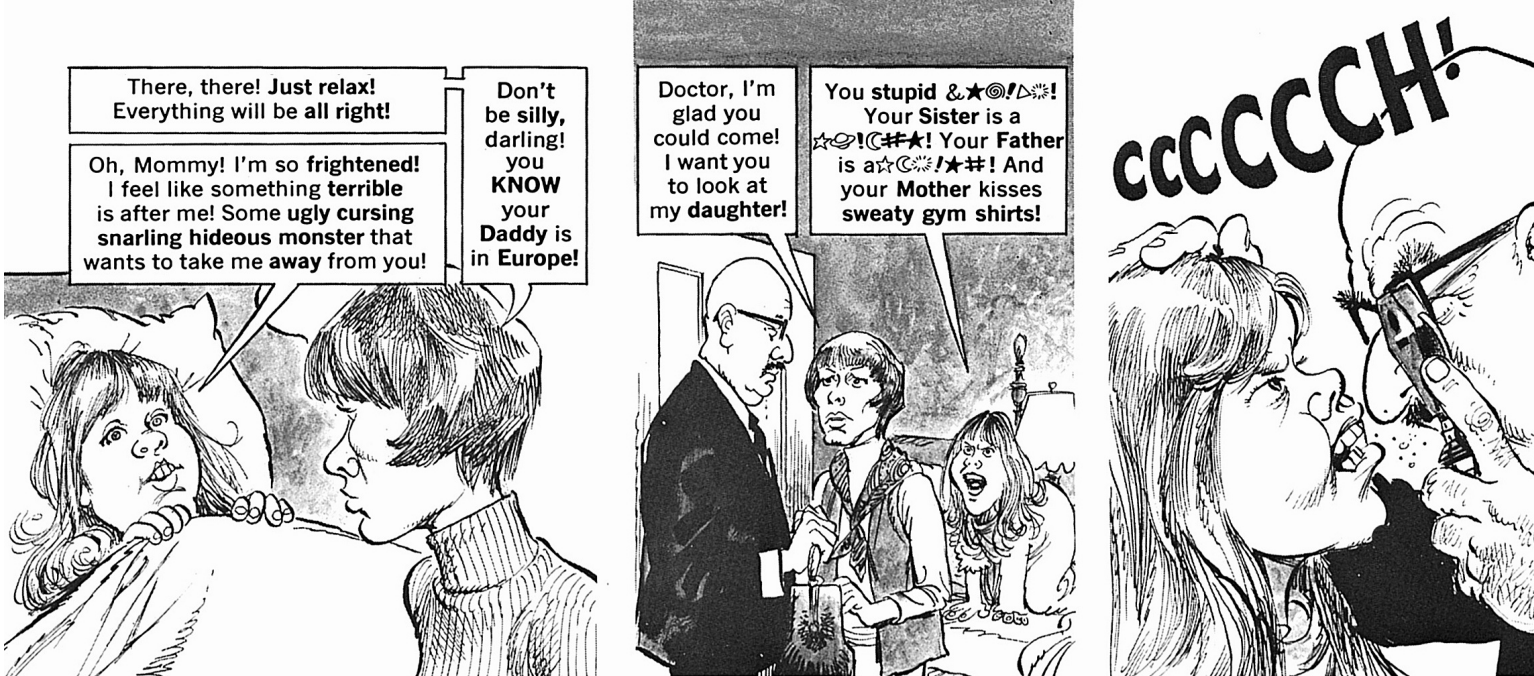
Mommy... Mommy...

Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!





Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your **Oedipus Complex** is the result of a **Father fixation** brought on by an **early enema**, and—

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

All right! How's this? You have a **pathological fear** of sex as a result of a **deep-rooted psychosis** arising from a **traumatic pre-natal hernia!**

No, Doctor! No!!

My, my! Aren't we **picky** today! All right, you have **dementia praecox**, and **THAT'S IT!** I'm a very busy man!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this **room!** The **bed** is shaking, and she's covered with **blood**, and she's violating a **cross**, and that weird **evil voice** is coming out of her mouth!

What am I going to do??

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have **nothing** to worry about!

I don't!??

Nope! But your little girl—now **SHE's** got a problem!

Yicccchhh! Le'me out of here!!



What's going on, Saran? There's a **big crowd** outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! **Burpp** was mincing around in **Ravin's room**, and now the **window's** smashed and he's lying dead in the **alley** outside the house!

Oh . . . no! Poor **Burpp!** If I told him once, I told him a **million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!**

Uh . . . I'm **Lt. Kindergarten!** Can you tell me where I can find a **Priest** named **Father Tsouris?**

Yes! I'm **Father Tsouris!**

YOU!? Excuse me for being **personal**, Father, but what's a **Priest** doing running around a **track** on a **Sunday morning?**

Listen . . . the way **Church attendance** is nowadays, what **ELSE** is there to do! Did you ever try **SURFING** in this weather?



Father, we just found a **Director** named **Burpp Denims** with his head turned **completely** around!

I met him once! It **HAS** to be an **improvement!**

No, you don't understand! He's **dead** . . . and we suspect an **evil force** is at work!

Oh, well, there's a **LOT** of that going around here in **Washington!**

Well, if you get any ideas about the **murder**, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a **movie** with me?

Love to! How about **Christmas Eve?**

You're not doing anything on **Christmas Eve!?**

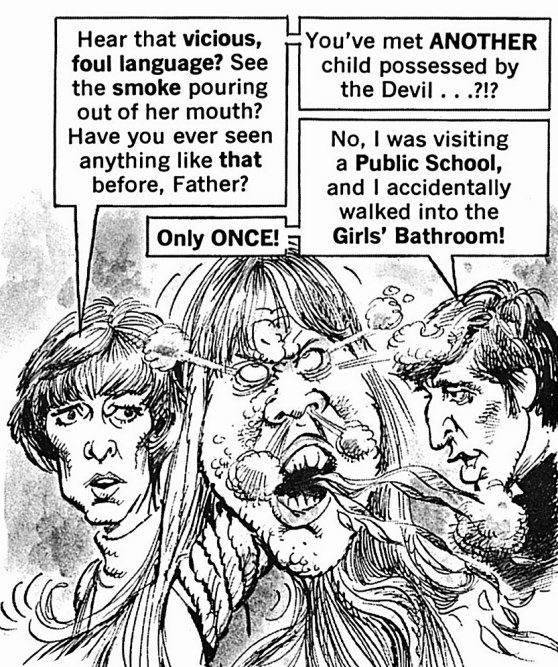
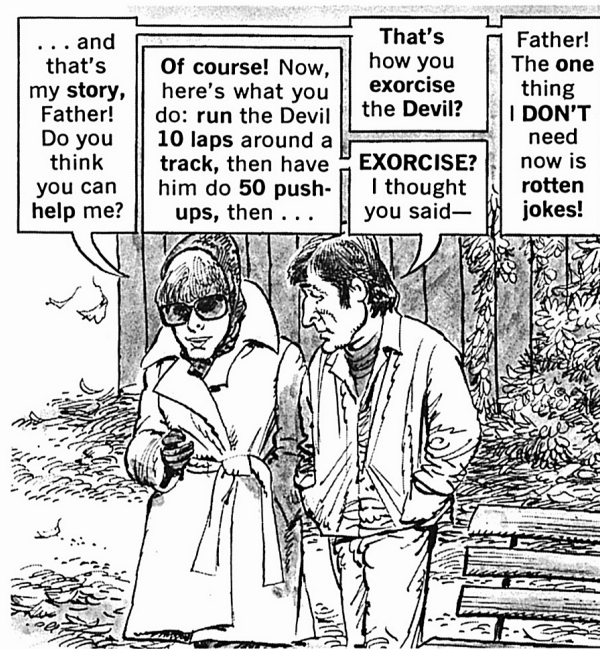
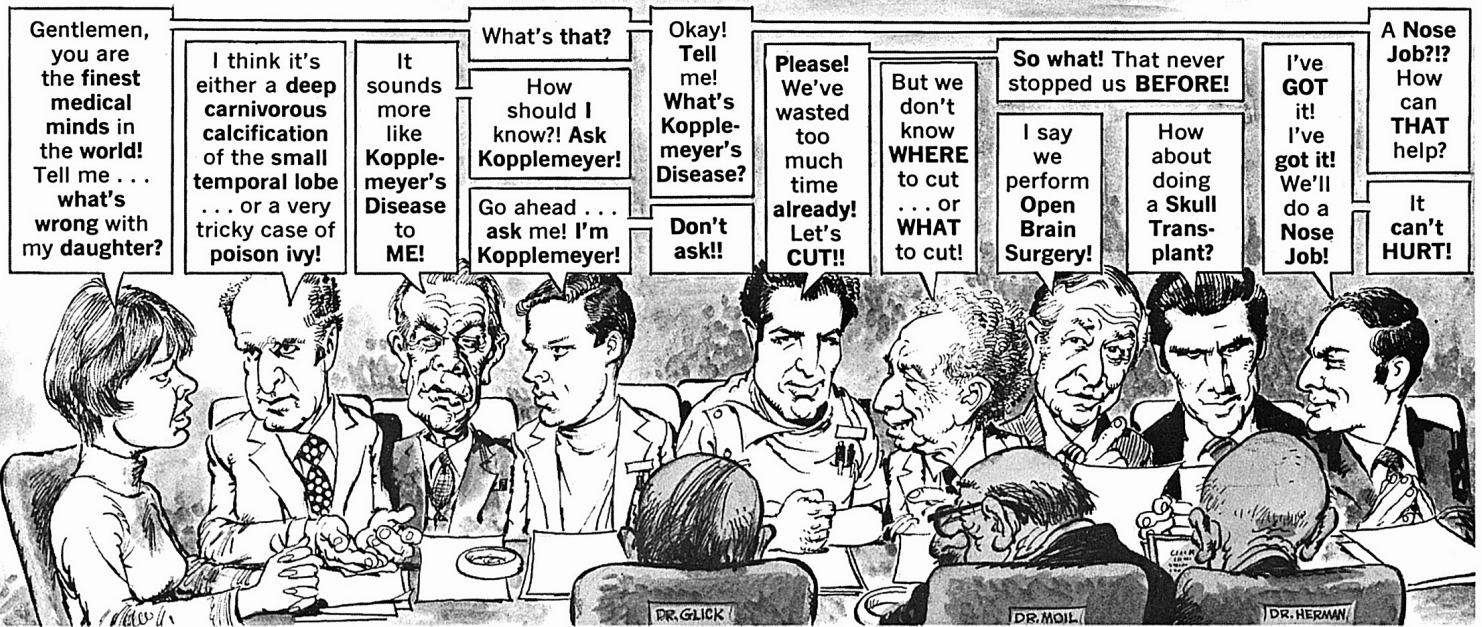
Oh! How **idiotic** of me! Why, I forgot all about the **Roller Derby!** Let's make it **Easter Sunday!**

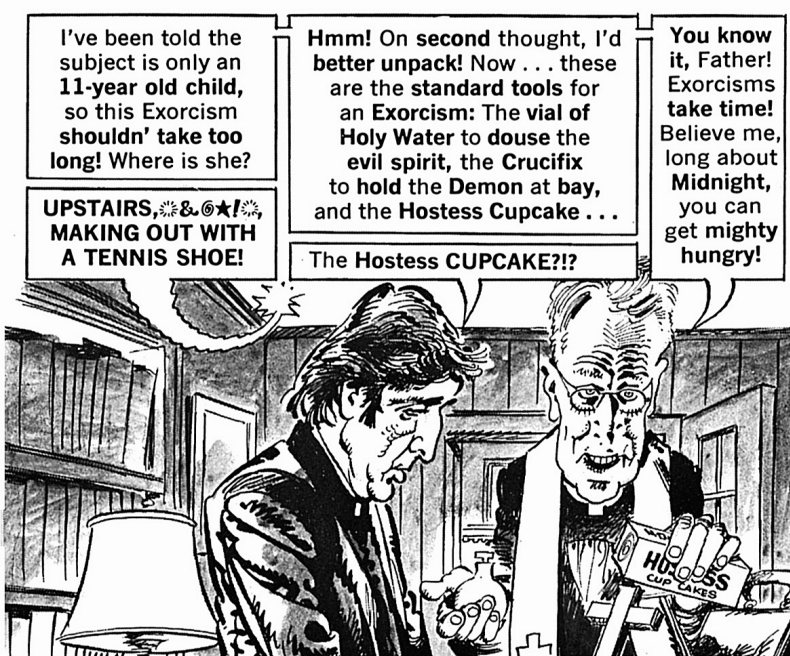
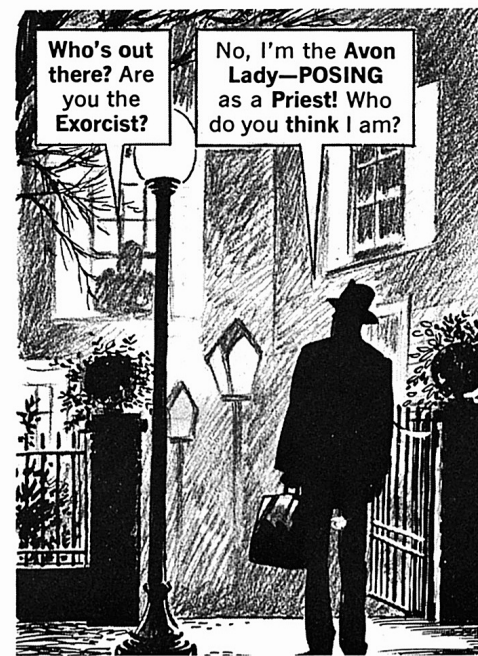
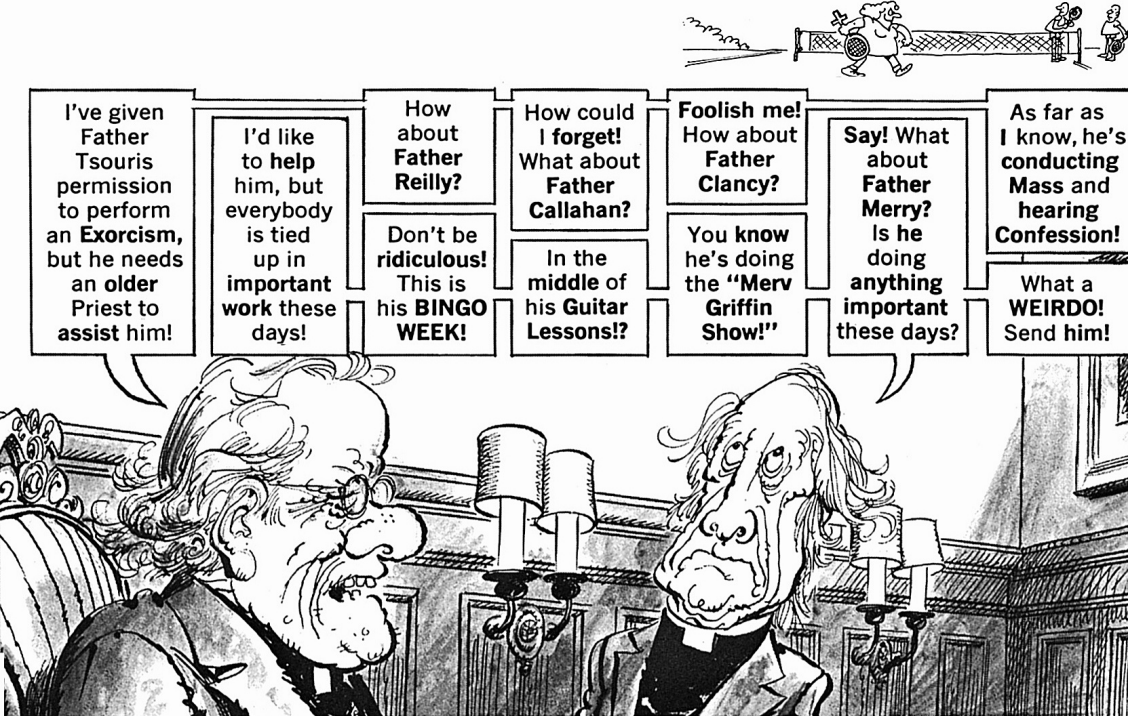
It's **MY** room, so get your **☆#!★** out of it!

Listen to that **language!** And look what she's doing to her **Mother!**

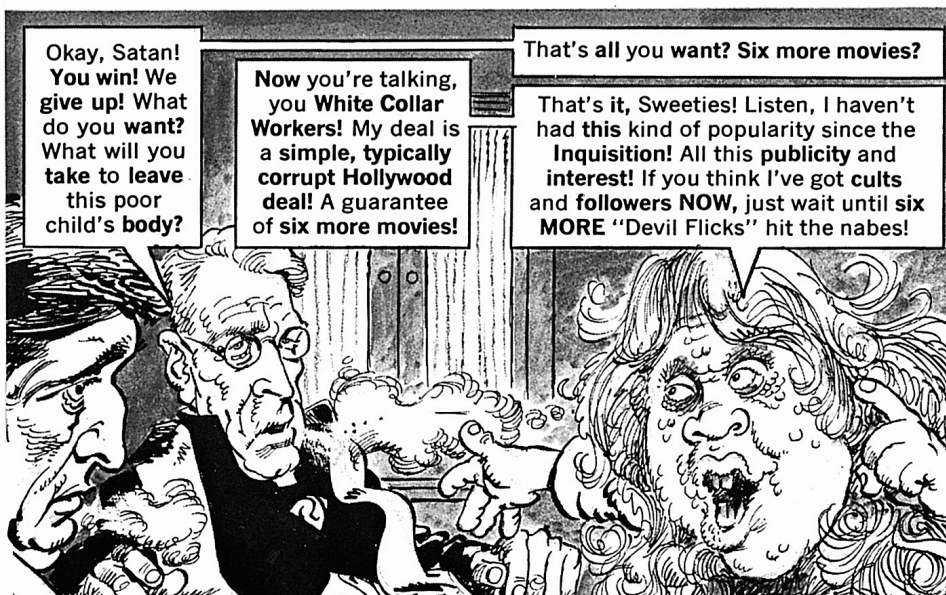
Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss **growing up!** She's getting more like a **normal teenager** every day!







TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER . . .



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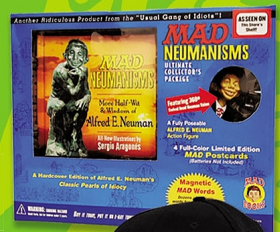
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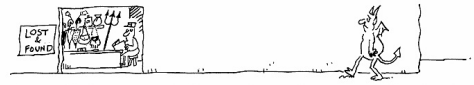
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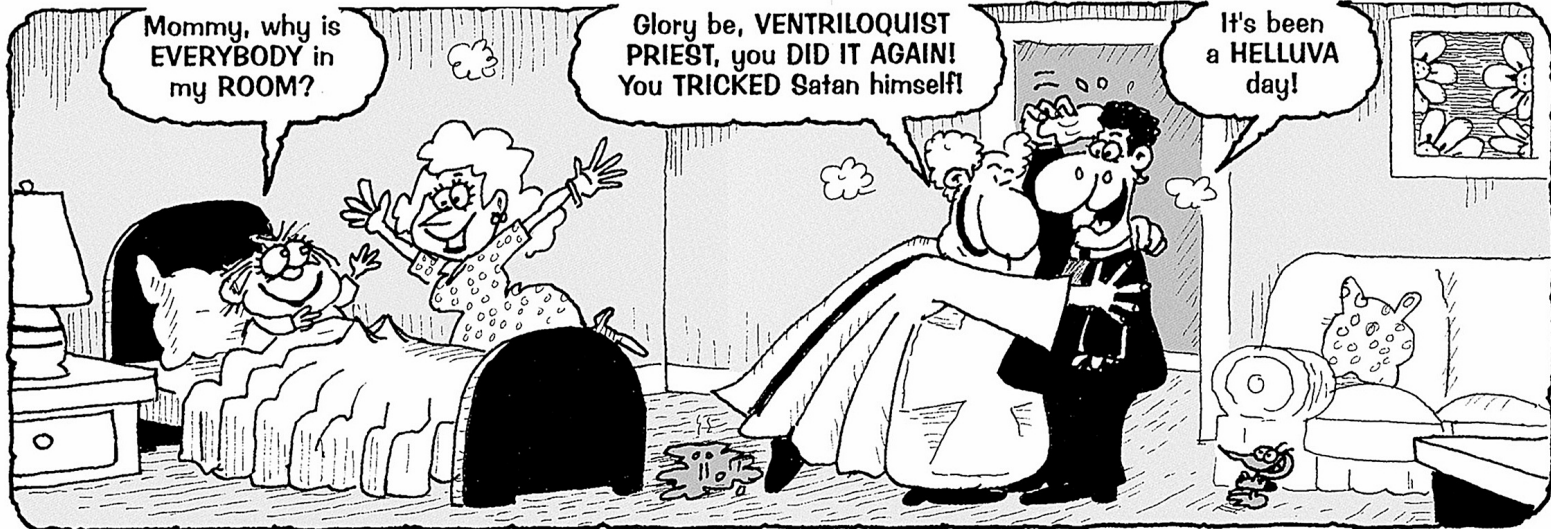
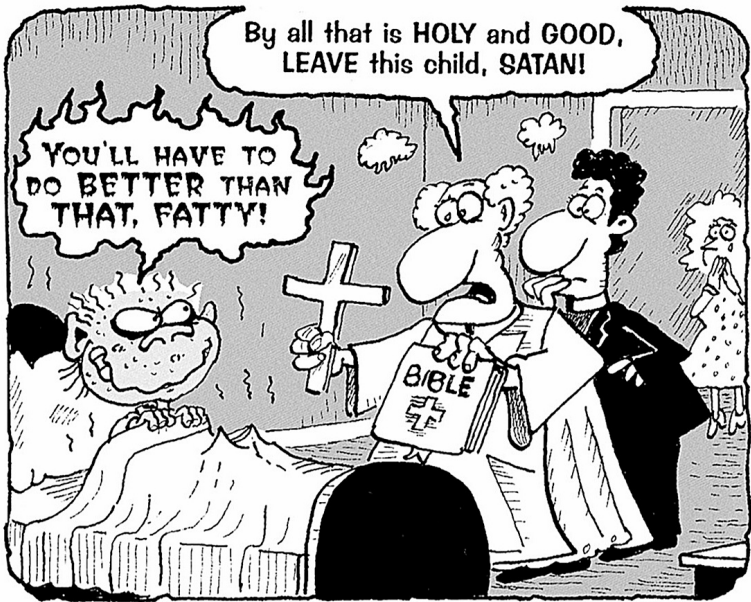
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THE EXQUISITE EXORCISM EXPERIENCE



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #351, NOV 1996



Being "technically dead" is one of the last few remaining excuses for getting out of jury duty



When hitchhiking, it's not necessary to wait for vehicles to stop before boarding them



THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD DEPT.

With highly-anticipated movies like *Evil Dead* and *World War Z* and popular TV shows like *The Walking Dead*, zombies are as hot as ever! But every movie and TV show out there always makes the same basic mistake: they portray the zombie lifestyle as the worst thing in the world. Not true. There are worse ways to spend your life. For example, which would you rather be: a zombie or a New York Jets fan? A zombie or a MAD writer? See what we mean? And this is even before we spend the next two pages pointing out these...

FREQUENTLY OVERLOOKED BENEFITS OF BEING



Since there's no danger of being poisoned, a whole new range of beverage flavors is available



If you're planning a career in the security industry, you can pretty much name your own salary



A ZOMBIE

WRITER & ARTISTS **TOM CHENEY**
COLORIST **CARL PETERSON**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #520, APR 2013



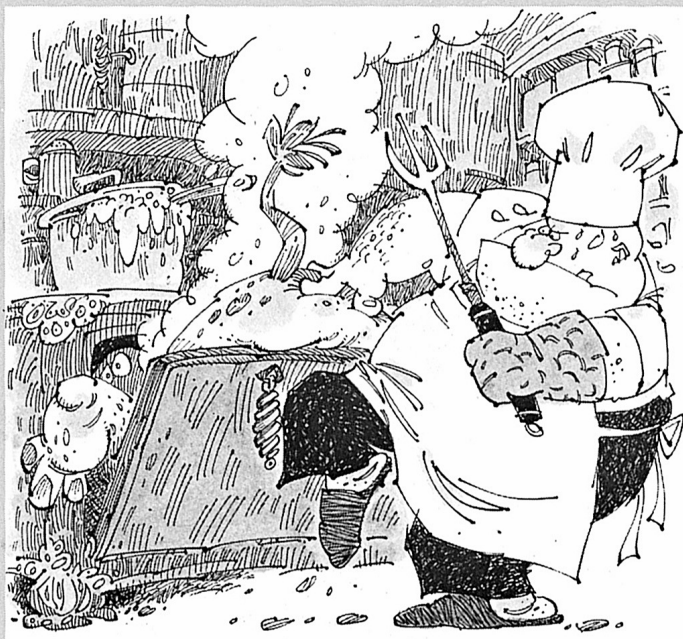
Hey gang, it's time one again for MAD's nutty old "cliché monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're...

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

WRITER **MAY SAKAMI** ARTIST **PAUL COKER, JR.**



Reviving an OLD CUSTOM



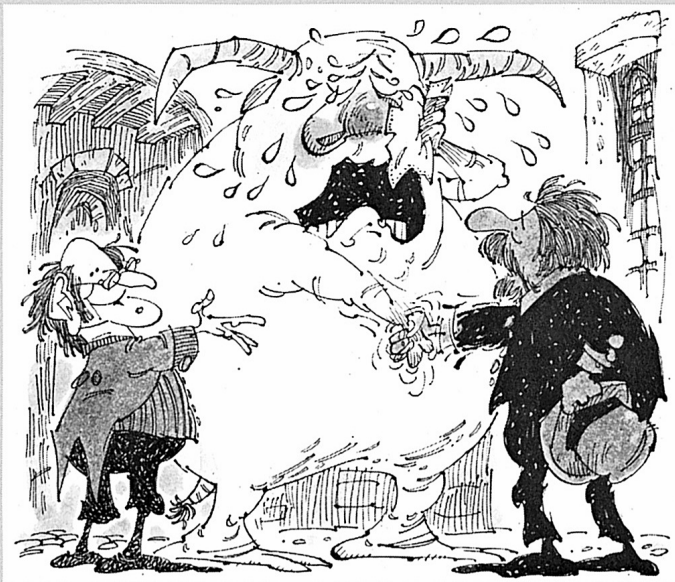
Cooking Up A ALIBI



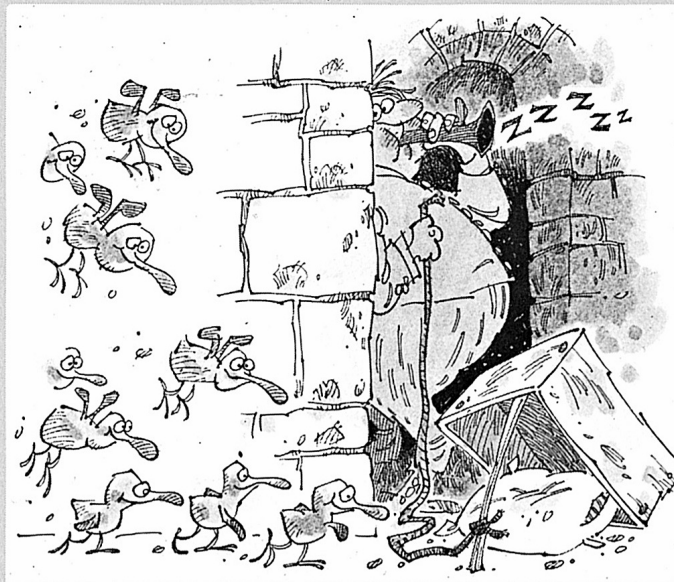
Initiating A PROGRAM



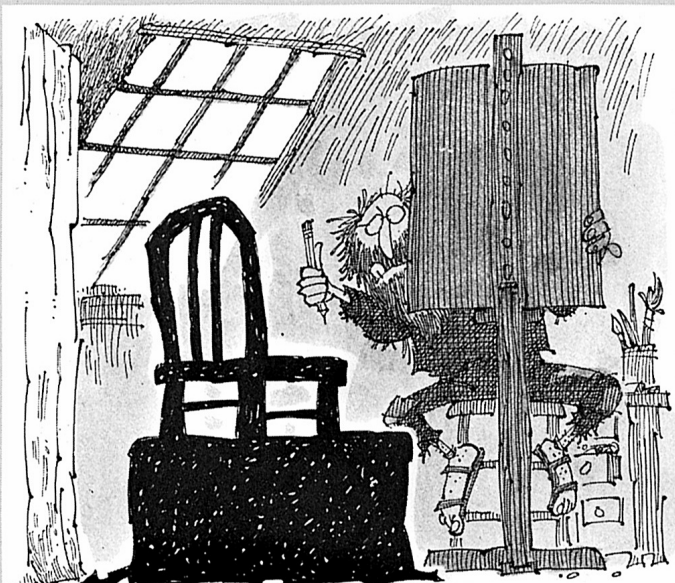
Batting An IDEA Around



Meeting a **CRYING NEED**



Catching **FORTY WINKS**



Drawing A **BLANK**



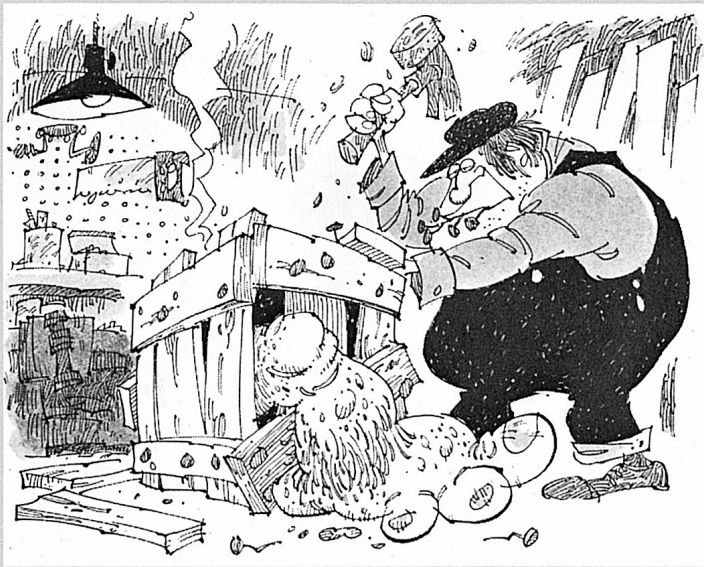
Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**



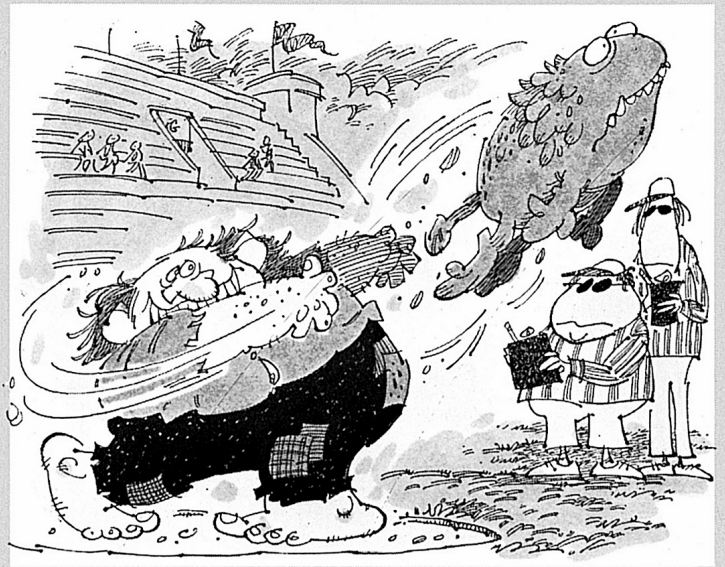
Going Through A **PHASE**



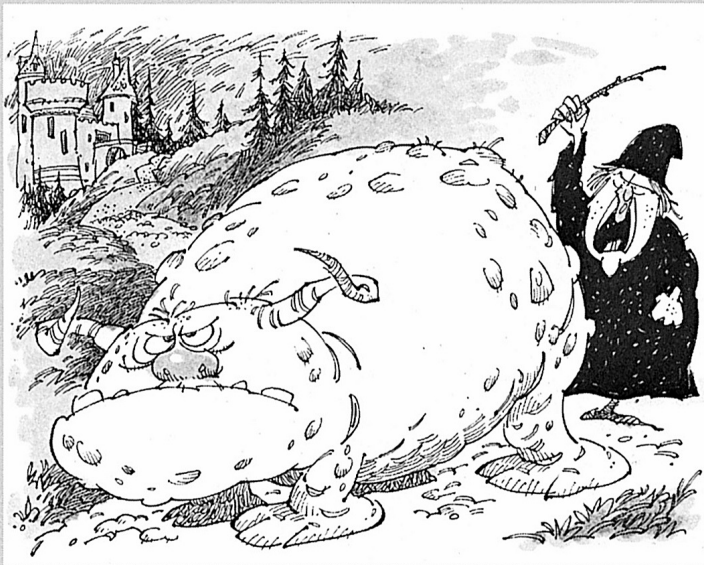
Redressing A **WRONG**



Casing A JOINT



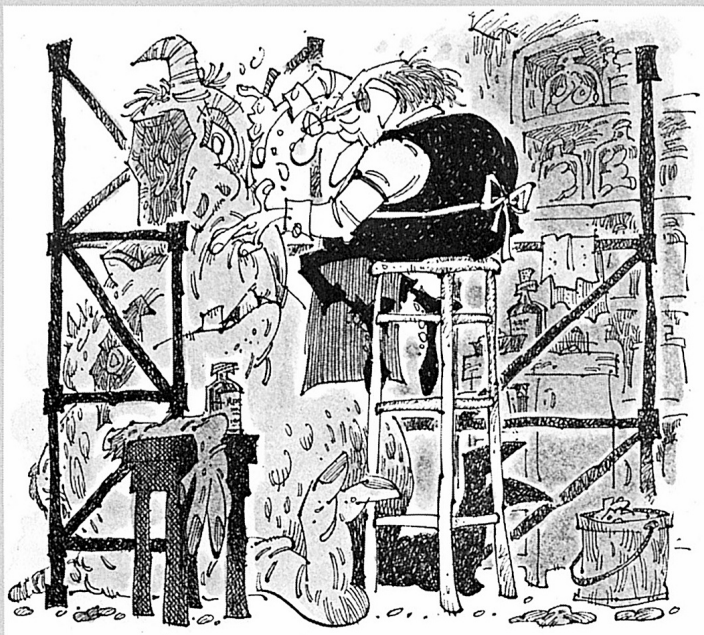
Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN



Ushering In An ERA



Restoring A CONFIDENCE



Chalking Up A VICTORY



BEAST MEETS JEST DEPT.

THE Devil's ADVOCATE

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR SATAN WORSHIPPERS

Have A Barbecue!
(And 9 Other
Great Ideas For
Post-Sacrificial
Leftovers!)

Our Travel Experts
Pick The 50 Best
Churches, Temples
And Mosques In
Europe To Deface!

Vomiting On The
Cross On Cue:
Our Experts Show
You How!

Surefire Ways To
Foil An Exorcist!

Six New Sins Your
Whole Family
Can Enjoy!

YAK BLOOD VS. CHICKEN URINE

What's Best For Your Holiday Ritual?

WRITERS FRANK JACOBS
& BILL FIBBERS
ARTISTS MORT DRUCKER,
ANGELO TORRES,
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
& LISA BLACKSHEAR



Horn Enlargement
- Is It For You?

UNGOOLY NEWS

Louisiana Satanist Breaks 10 Commandments In World-Record Time

Elwood Drimble, a Shreveport Satanist, set a new world record last month when he broke all Ten Commandments in four hours and seventeen minutes, easily shattering Hans Brickface's old mark of 4:54.

Drimble got off to an impressive start, breaking four commandments in the first 15 seconds (a record in itself). He began by coveting both his

neighbor's wife and wristwatch, proceeding to steal the latter, while committing adultery with the former (Commandments VI, VII, IX, X). Ever the innovator, Drimble then quickly built a shrine to Wendy's founder, Dave Thomas, while bitterly cursing Jehovah (Commandments I, II).

Unexpected pangs of guilt slowed the

veteran sinner down momentarily. But he recovered nicely, launching a barrage of swear-laden insults at his elderly and frail parents (Commandment IV).

Unfettered under pressure, Drimble coolly climbed behind the wheel of his Range Rover and ran over a defenseless poodle (Commandment V). With the clock ticking down, he called the ASPCA and blamed his next door neighbor for the puppy's death (Commandment VIII).

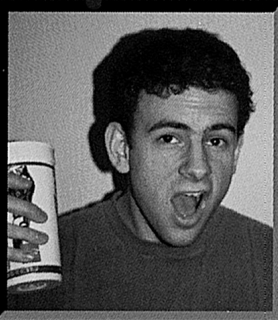
And what about Commandment III? Not to worry! He did it all on the Sabbath. Way to go, Elwood!



This Month's Pact With The Devil:

DUKE BERKOWITZ
of Grand Rapids, ND,

sold his soul to Satan in exchange for the ability to drink an entire case of Coors, smash every empty aluminum can on his forehead and not get sick at a frat party. Welcome, Duke!



DBS, The Devil Broadcasting System has been turned down again by the FCC in its attempt to launch a 24-hour, All-Satan TV Network. Negotiations between the FCC and DBS, which was planning on a national launch in September on channel 666, are reported to be strained. According to insiders, several DBS officials are calling for the removal and consumption of FCC Chairman Reed Hunt's spleen. Hunt, currently living under an assumed name overseas, could not be reached for comment.

How Would They Look?

Your Favorite Celebrities Retouched to Look Like Satan



Regis & Kathie Lee



Mother Teresa



Willard Scott



Cal Ripken

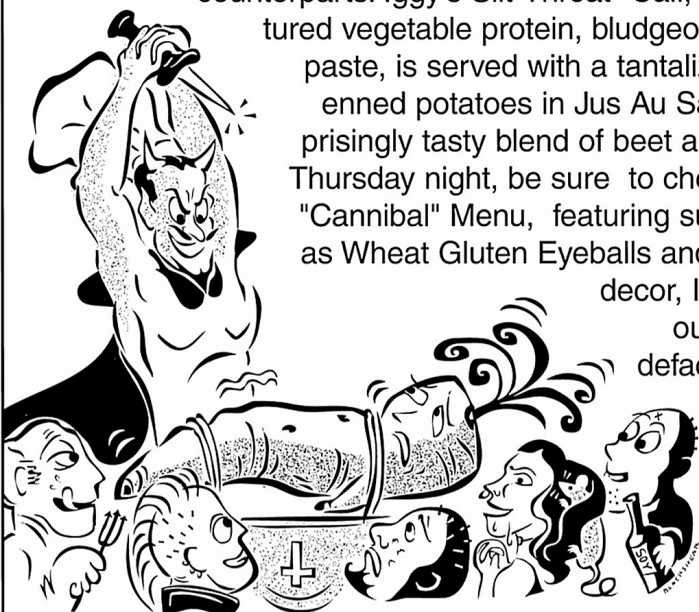


The Olsen Twins



Devil's RESTAURANT REVIEW

Good news for vegetarian Satanists! There's finally a restaurant that caters to their special dietary wants and needs. Iggy's House Of Vegetarian Delights offers a stunning array of soy-based ritual and sacrificial foods that taste surprisingly like their slaughtered, blood-soaked counterparts. Iggy's Slit-Throat "Calf," made entirely of textured vegetable protein, bludgeoned walnuts and yam paste, is served with a tantalizing side order of julienned potatoes in Jus Au Sacrificial Virgin (a surprisingly tasty blend of beet and guava extract). On Thursday night, be sure to check out the innovative "Cannibal" Menu, featuring such appetizing dishes as Wheat Gluten Eyeballs and Tofu Arm. As for the



decor, Iggy's is too well-lit for our taste, but the hand-defaced museum prints of Christ and his Apostles are a nice homey touch. **Reservations suggested.**

Devil's Music Review

(Editor's Note: In 1968, beloved evildoer Charles Manson made headlines when he claimed the Beatles song *Helter Skelter* contained hidden Satanic messages, which inspired him to order his "family" to murder actress Sharon Tate. With the release of *Free As A Bird*, the first Beatles single in nearly 25 years, we thought it appropriate to invite Mr. Manson to write this month's music review.)

Mr. Manson reports:

Hey man, it's really cool to hear the Beatles again after all these years. Especially John Lennon. He's dead, man, but he still sounds better than those other losers. You know why, man? Cause he's dead, man, he's dead. Man, that's my point, man. Why do you think he's "free as a bird," man? Because he's dead, man. And that thing at the end, man, ya know, when he talks backwards? He was talking to me, man - ME!! Aw man, I'm gonna KILL YOU! You hear me, man?? I'M GONNA KILL YOU DEAD, MAN! JUST LIKE JOHN LENNON TOLD ME TO, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD!!!

X

The Inquiring PHOTOGRAPHER

by Norm Cheery

This Week's Question:

"What was your most embarrassing moment as a devil worshipper?"

"After slaughtering my son's hamsters, I comforted him and didn't force him to eat the entrails."



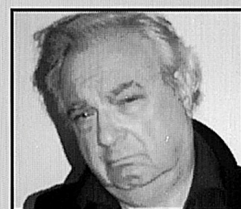
— Eli Stoop Woodside, NY



"I walked past St. Patrick's Cathedral the other day without hocking up a wad of green phlegm and spitting on its doorstep."

— Delores Dripping Phoenix, AZ

"When I felt a twinge of guilt after setting fire to Temple Shalom B'nai."



— Edward P. Grottle Van Nuys, CA



"Just yesterday, when I accidentally said 'God bless you' to someone who sneezed."

— Betty Illfish Sandusky, OH

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE MANIFESTATIONS OF SATAN'S EVIL POWER IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD

America Online Chrysler Mini-Vans
MAD TV Zima Windows 95
The Body Shop ESPN 2 Yanni
PBS Pledge Drives

Hey! This isn't a Sergio Aragones marginal!...well, duh!

FILM VIEW

by *Damien Lucifer*



Babe

This family-oriented live-action film starring a talking pig was very good but would have been even better had all the animals been savagely garroted and their blood drained into a huge vat to be feasted upon by the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

RATING:



How To Make An American Quilt

In the tradition of *Fried Green Tomatoes* and *Steel Magnolias*, this inspirational film loses all credibility when none of its female stars are stripped, tied to a makeshift altar and sacrificed to the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

RATING:



Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls

Dull, lifeless sequel. Like the original, Ventura saves animals. What a wuss!

RATING:



SEXY SATAN WORSHIPPERS WANT TO TALK TO YOU NOW!!!

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"We're HOT as HELL
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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #345, MAY 1996

THE DARKER SIDE



Classifieds

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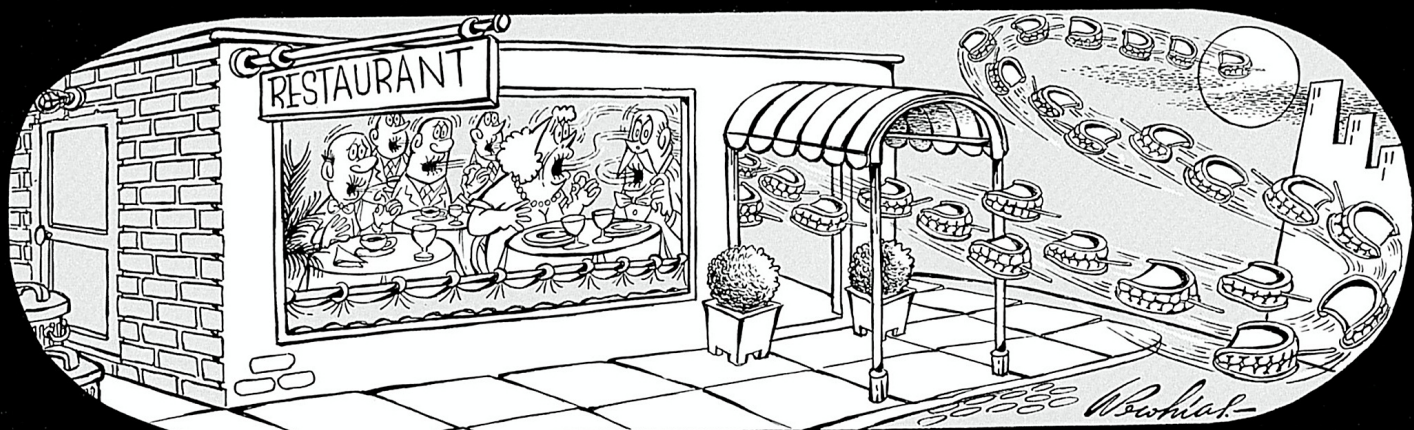
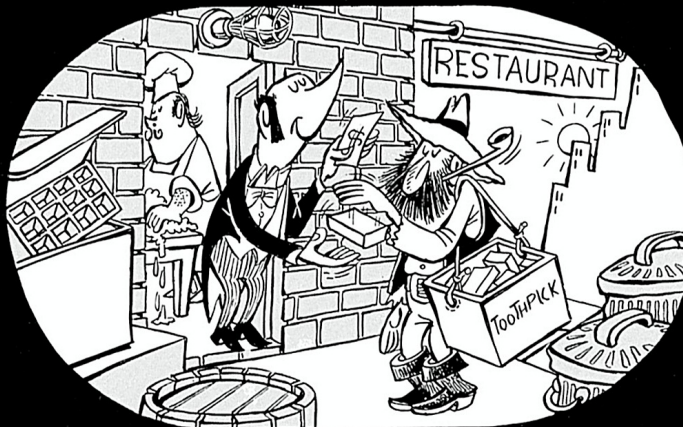
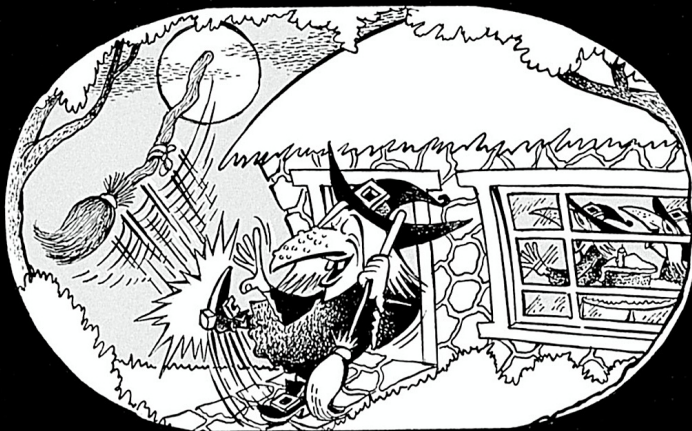
SWMDW

seeks intimate relationship with **SWFDW**. Must enjoy sunsets, long walks in the country, drinking blood of Christian babies. Call Zandar the Disembowler, 1-800-666-6666.





A Witch's Tale



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



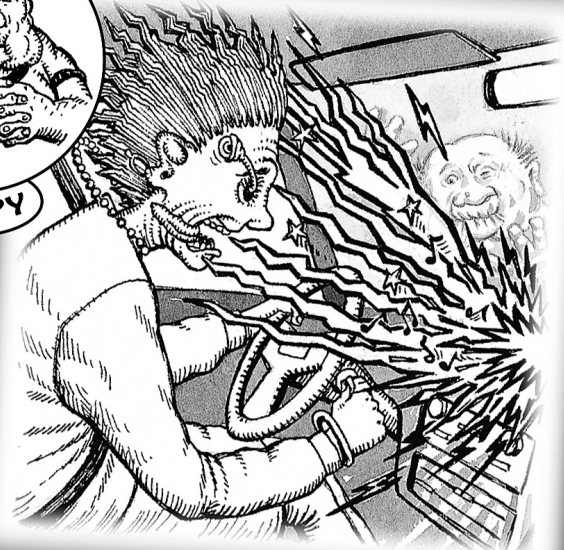
SMELLS LIKE MEAN SPIRITS DEPT.

Are you paranoid? Do you think your so-called friends and family want nothing more than to ruin your life? To fill it with misery and suffering? Well, calm down jerk face 'cause we here at MAD are happy to put your fears to rest. Your loved ones aren't out to get you! But someone else is...

KNOW YOUR



Causes water to splash onto your crotch, so it looks like you have the bladder control of your 97-year-old grandfather.



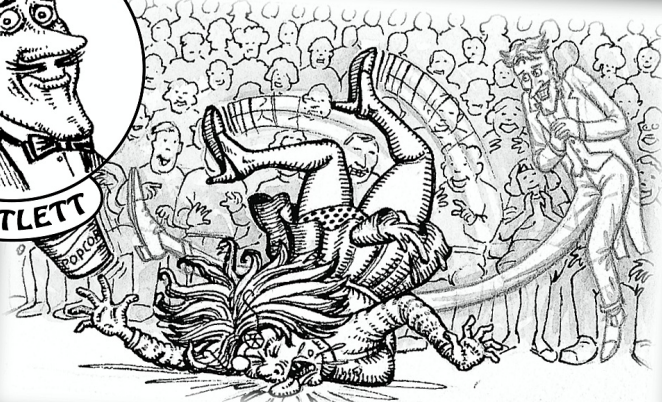
Cranks up the volume on your radio, so when you start you car in the morning you're suddenly blasted into oblivion by teeth-rattling, brain-piercing, eardrum-damaging music.



Pushes all your sheets to the bottom of the bed, so you wake up colder than Leonardo DiCaprio's frozen lifeless corpse at the end of Titanic.



Makes your grandmother walk in on you while you're watching a movie with your date at the precise moment a sex scene starts.



Trips you in front of a crowd of at least 45 people, so you look like a freakin' clutzoid.

GHOSTS

WRITER RYAN PAGELOW
ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA



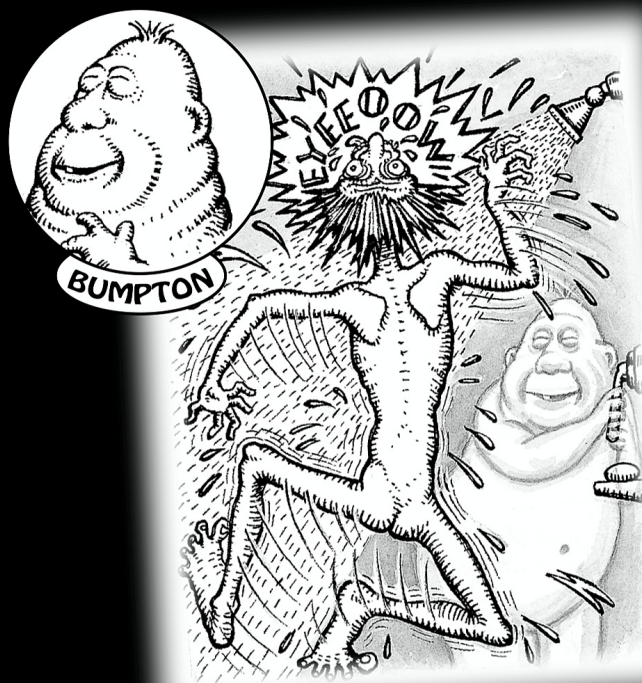
Enjoys tormenting you by playing The "Hide-Your-Only-Working-Pen-in-the-Drawer-Full-of-Dozens-of-Dried-Up-Totally-Useless-Pens" game.



Makes any shirt that looks good on you itch as if your entire back was being attacked by flesh-eating fire ants.



Puts bags of repulsive barbecue popcorn that no one ever buys in front of the chips you love in the vending machine.



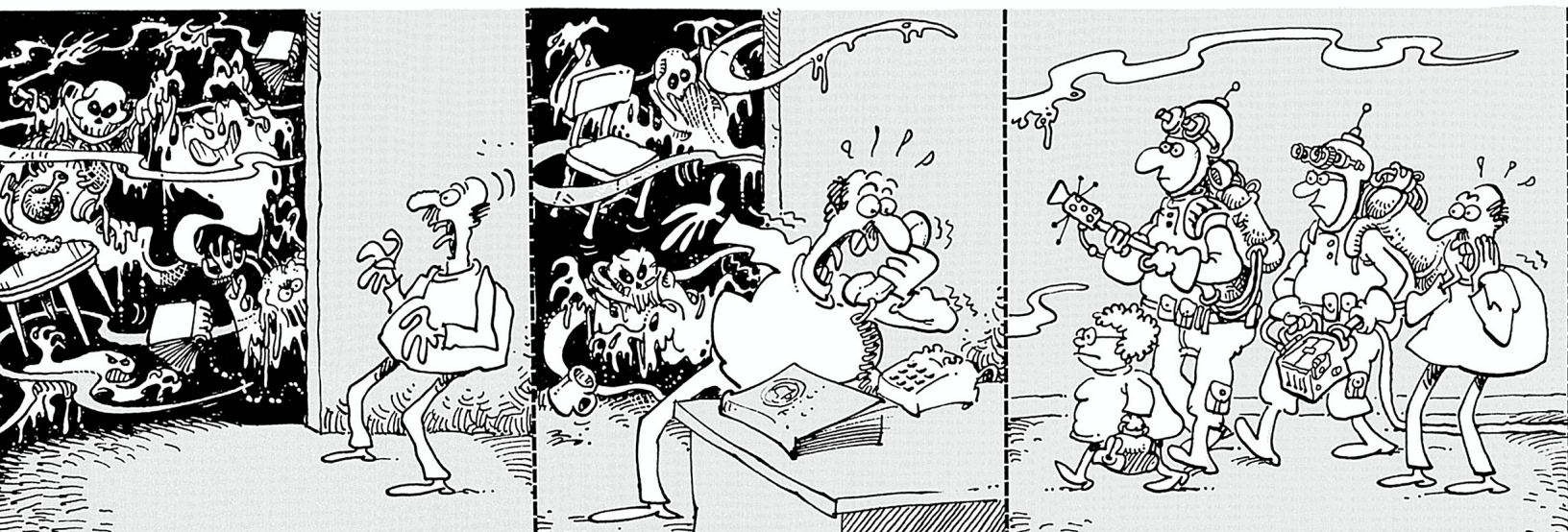
Makes the shower either skin-numbing freezing cold or skin-disintegrating scalding hot no matter how you adjust the shower knob.



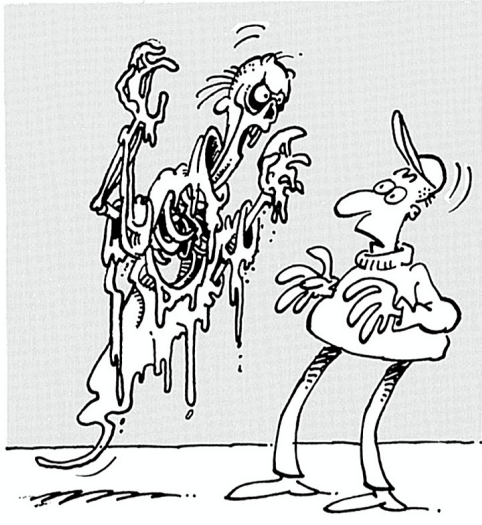
Wakes you up at the wildest part of your deviant sex dream and prevents you from returning to it when you go back to sleep.

A MAD LOOK AT

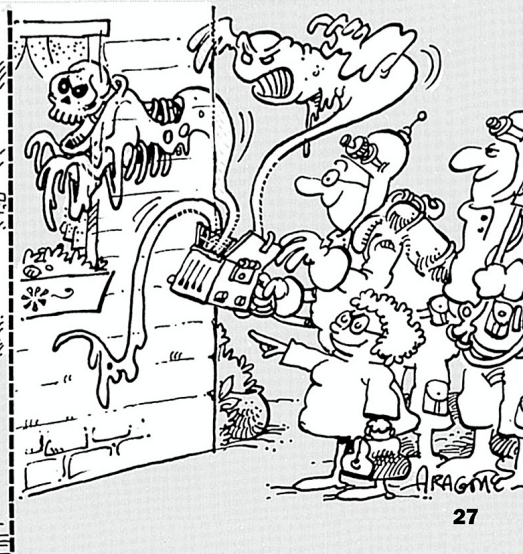
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



GHOSTS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989





TANTALIZING TERROR DEPT.

PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!... VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...

HOONAH!

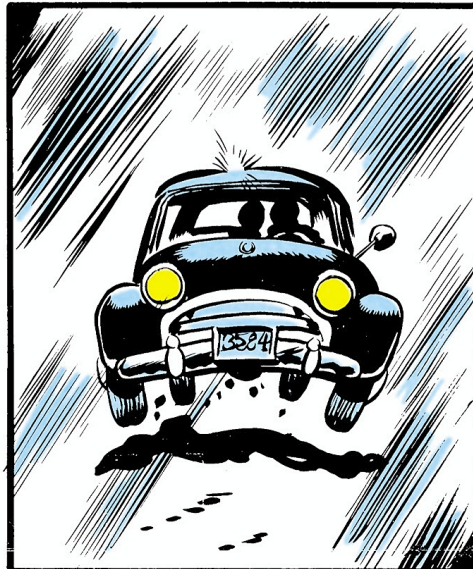
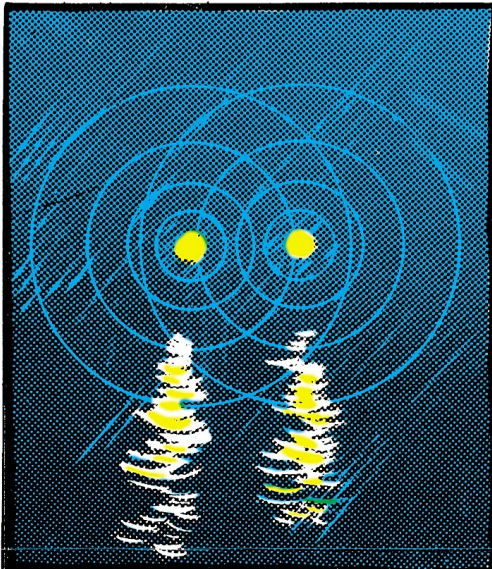


WRITER HARVEY KUTRZMAN ARTIST JACK DAVIS

NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!

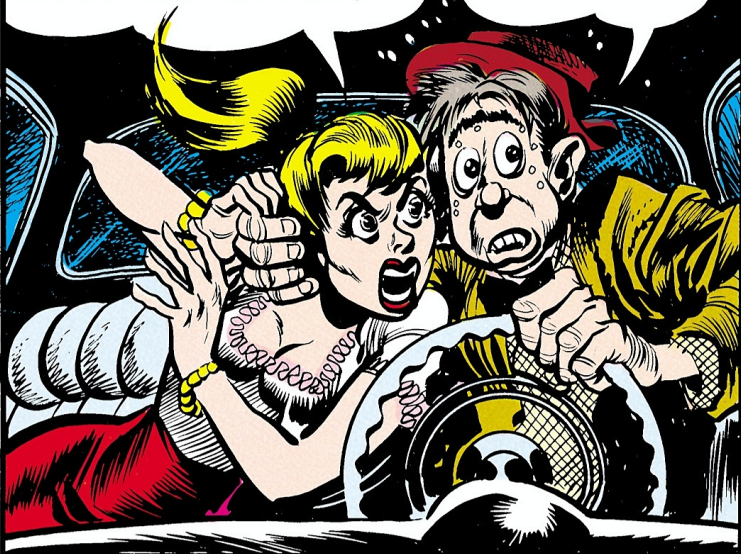
NIGHT!...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!

NIGHT!... WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!



GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?

I-I DON'T WANT HUGGIN', DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!



**KAPOKA
KAPOKA
KAFONK
FZZT**

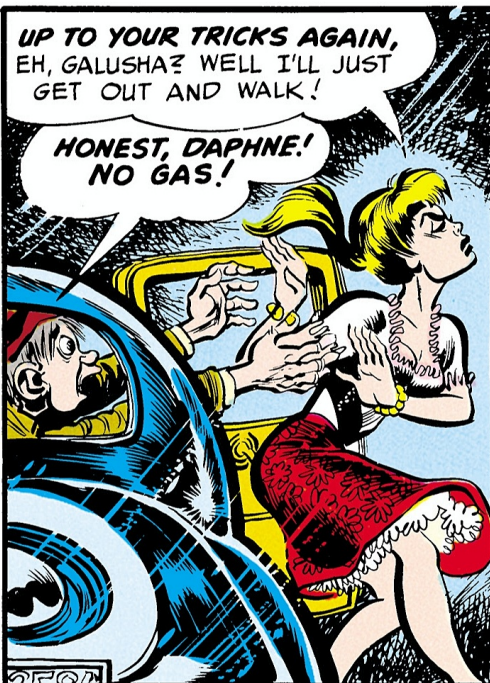
GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?

UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!



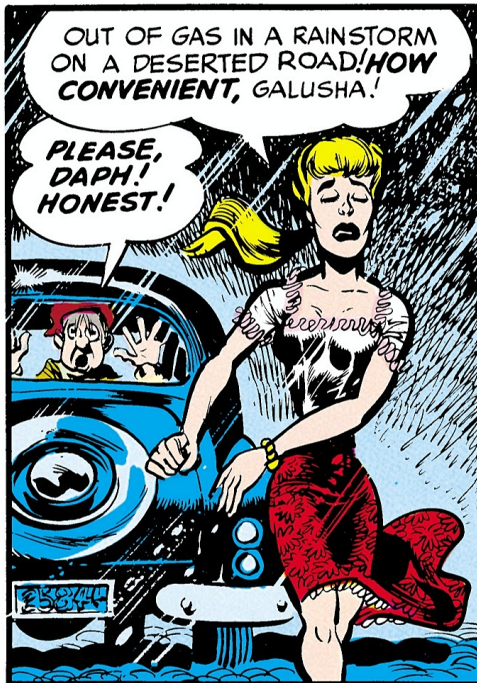
UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!

HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!



OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!

PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!



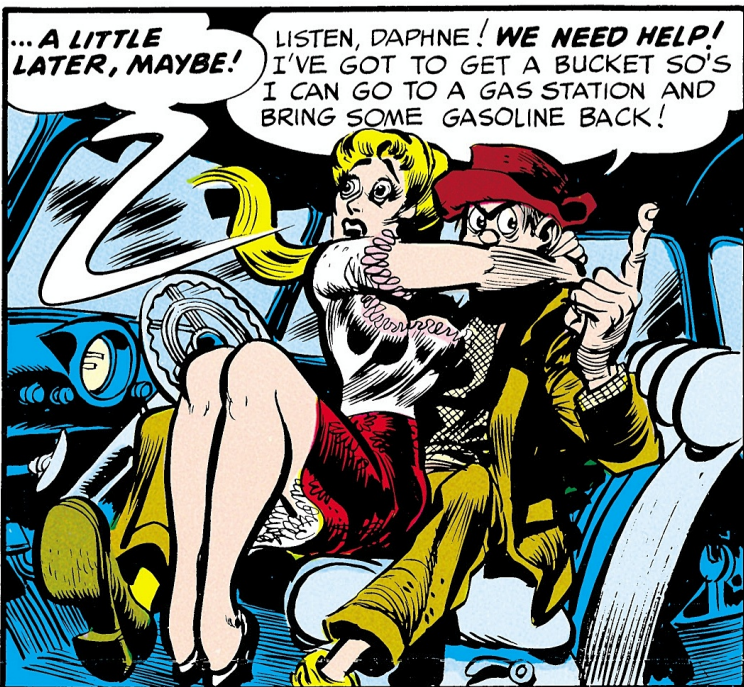
MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING...! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...

**CRACK
CRACK
KBLOW!**



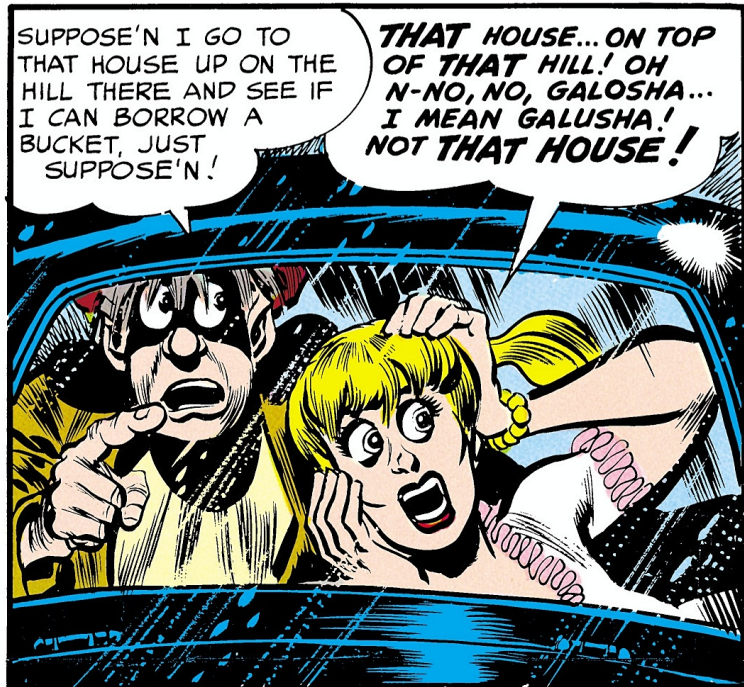
...A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!

LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO'S I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!



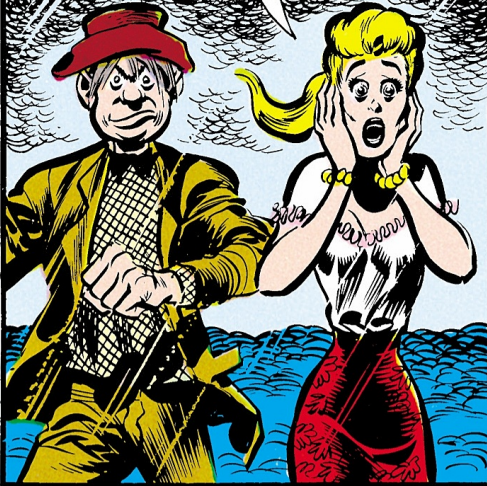
SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!

THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALUSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!



AHH, **COME ON, DAPH!** ALL I WANT IS A BUCKET!

GALUSHA! THAT'S THE BOGG HOUSE! THEY TELL MANY STORIES OF THE BOGG HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!

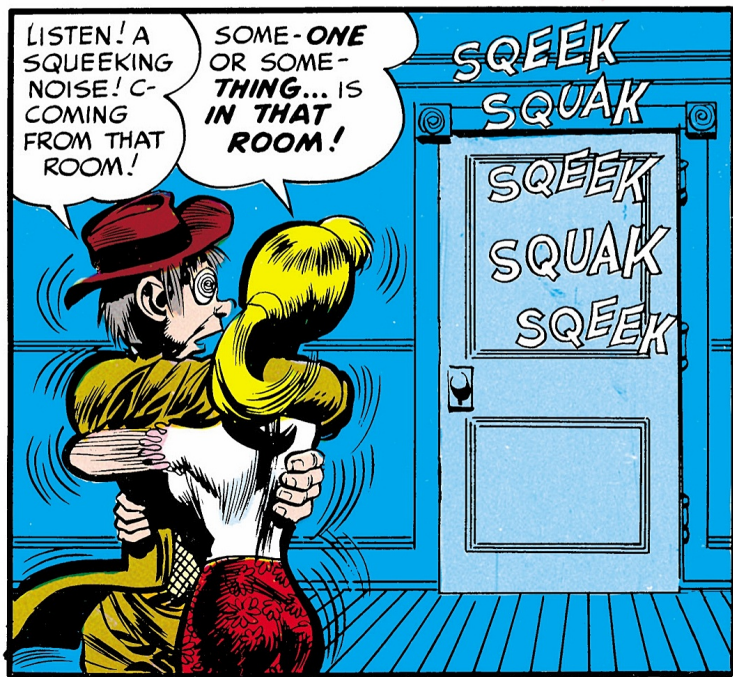
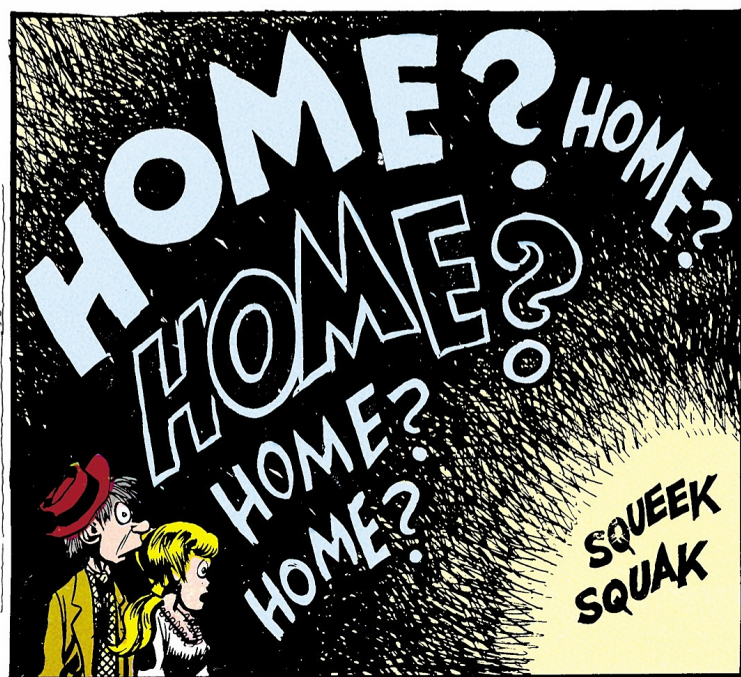


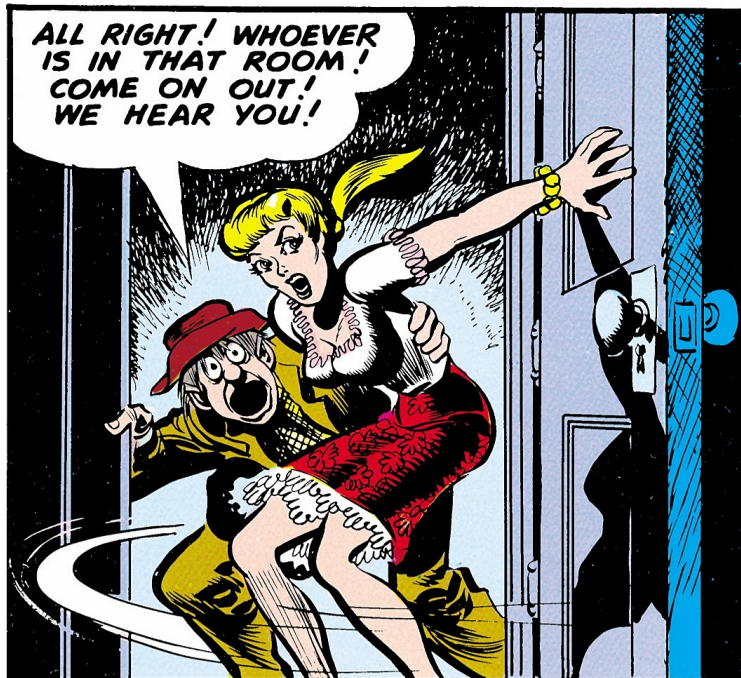
STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND UNDER A LOG, **WITHOUT HIS HEAD!**



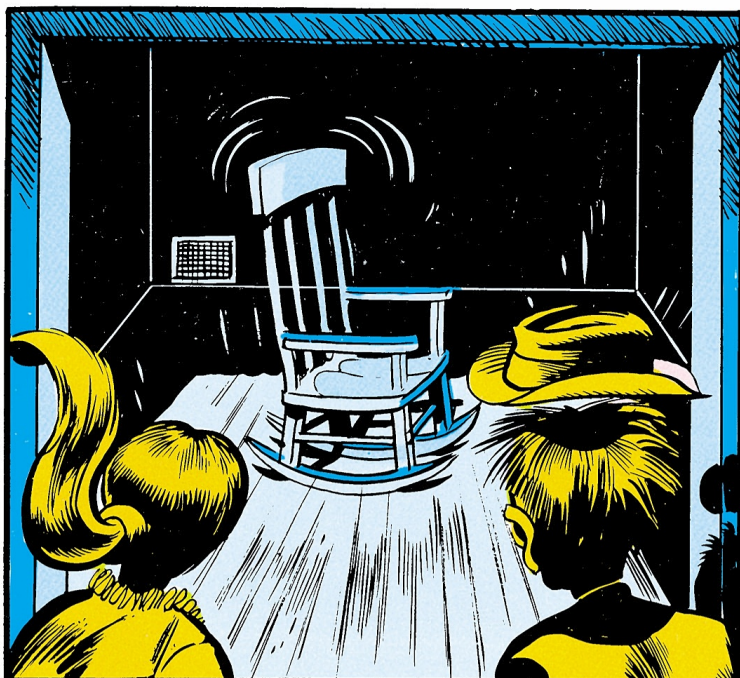
MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE... AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!







ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER IS IN THAT ROOM! COME ON OUT! WE HEAR YOU!



THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND **NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!**



BUT **SOMEONE... SOMETHING...** **WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR!** THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!



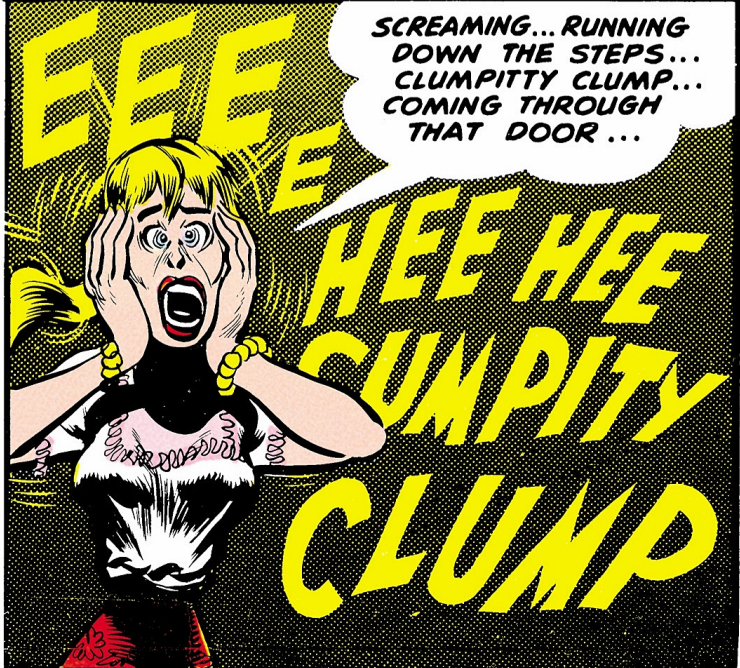
THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK, SQUEEK, SQUAWK!



AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG, SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE, **CLUMPITY, CLUMPITY, CLUMP...**

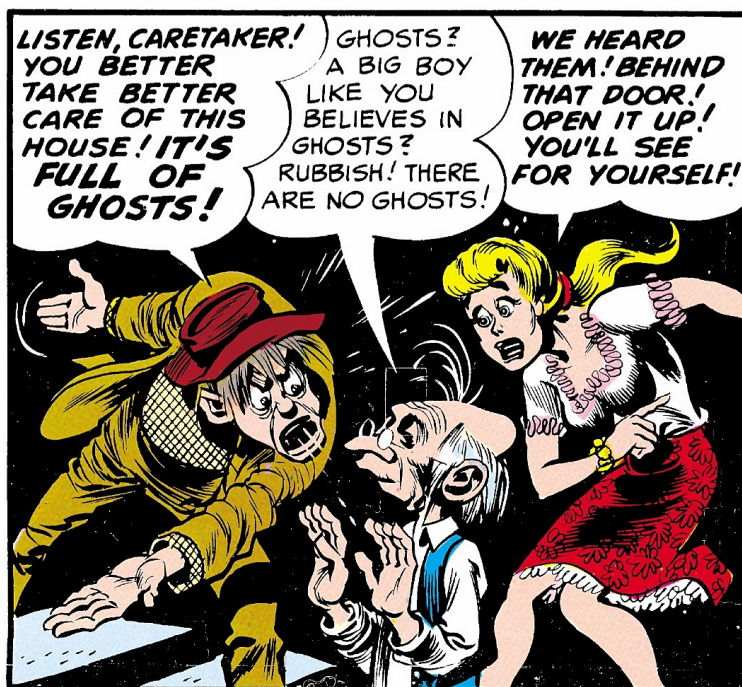
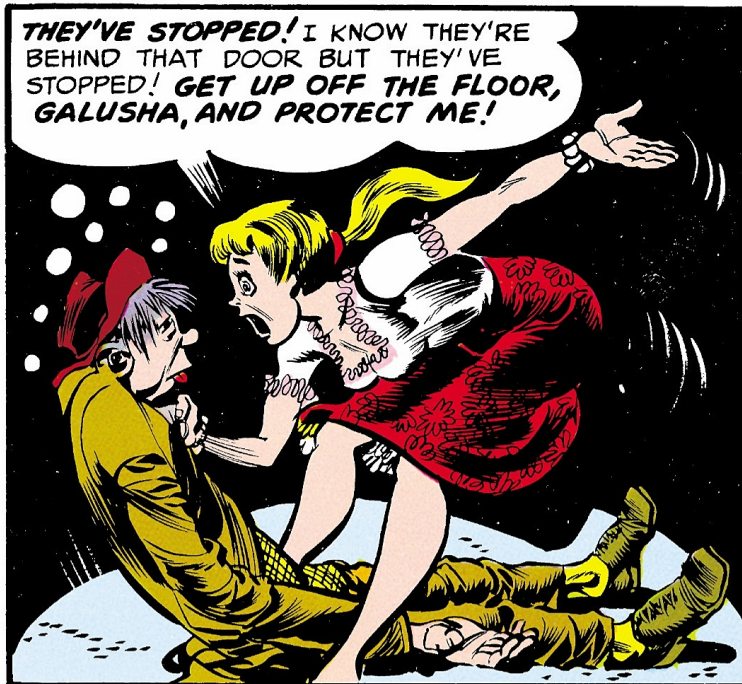


EE HA-
CLUMPITY CLUMP CLUMP



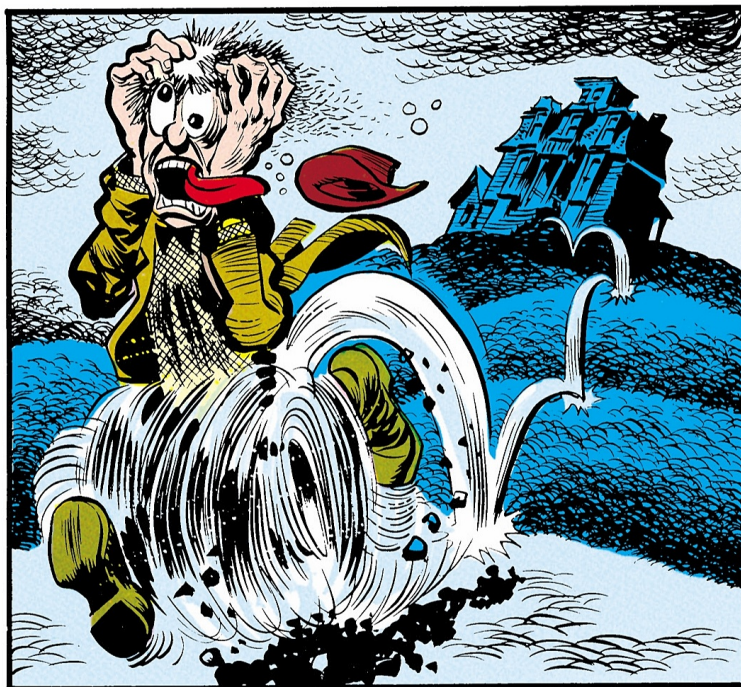
SCREAMING... RUNNING DOWN THE STEPS... CLUMPITY CLUMP... COMING THROUGH THAT DOOR...

EEE
HEE HEE CLUMPITY CLUMP

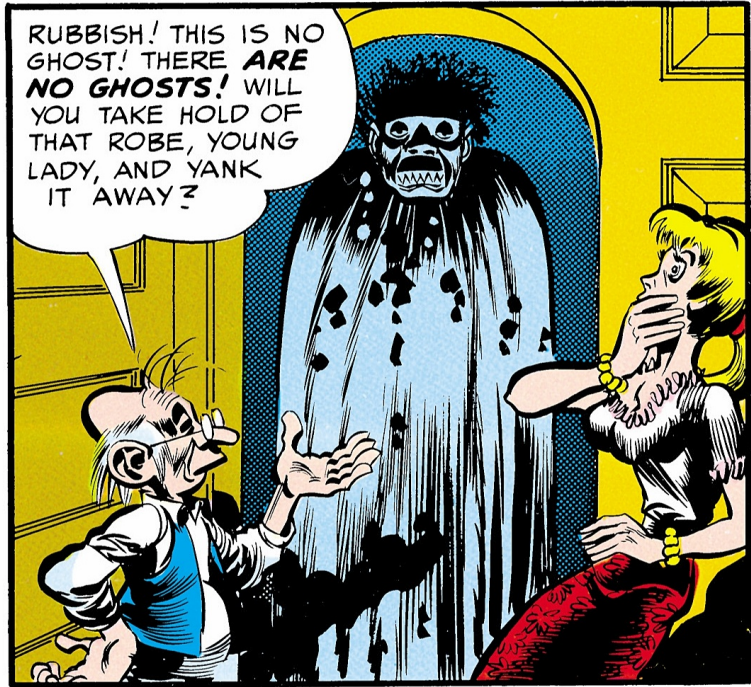


I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING
SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK
TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL
OPEN THE DOOR!

SQUEEEEEE

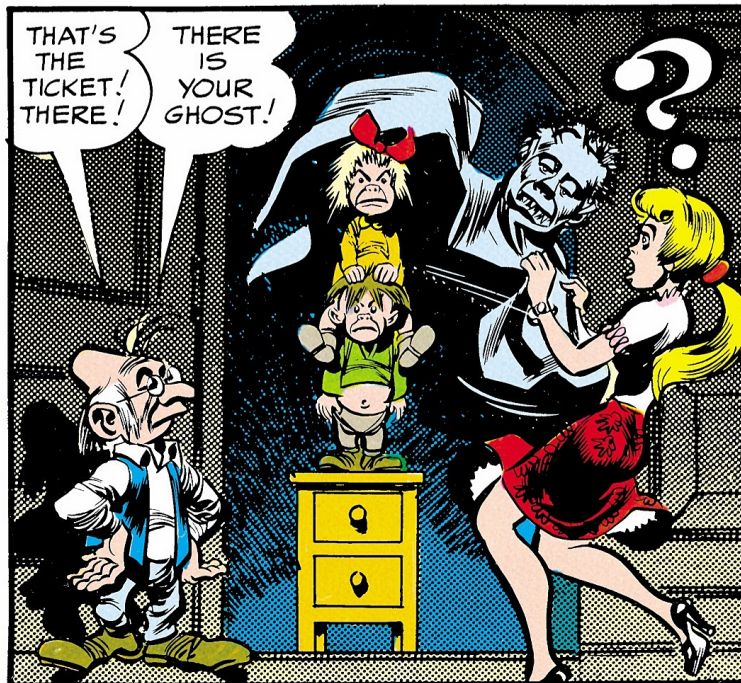


RUBBISH! THIS IS NO
GHOST! THERE ARE
NO GHOSTS! WILL
YOU TAKE HOLD OF
THAT ROBE, YOUNG
LADY, AND YANK
IT AWAY?



THAT'S
THE
TICKET!
THERE!

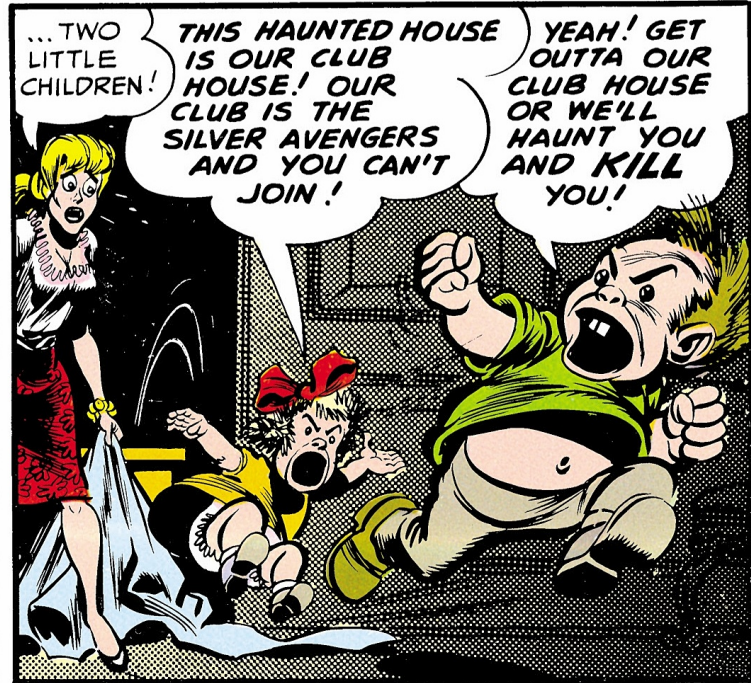
THERE
IS
YOUR
GHOST!

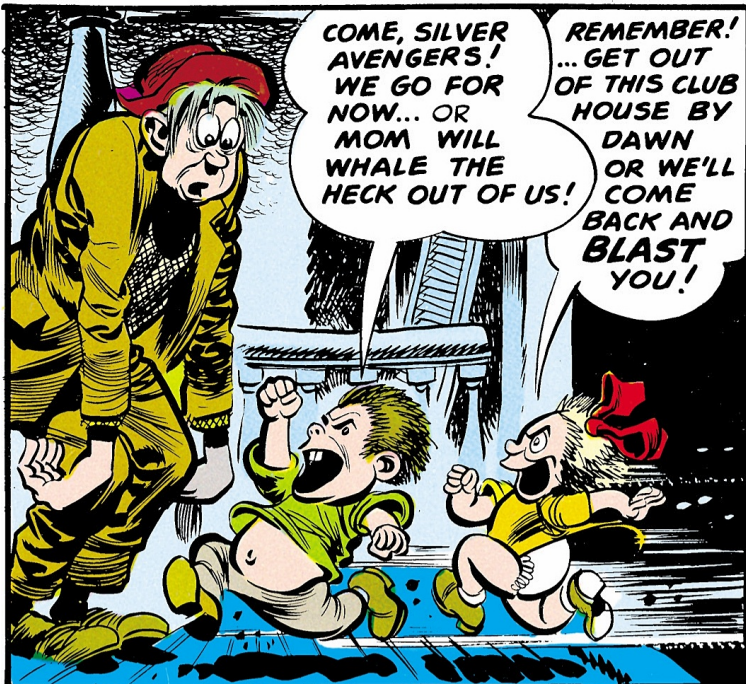


... TWO
LITTLE
CHILDREN!

**THIS HAUNTED HOUSE
IS OUR CLUB
HOUSE! OUR
CLUB IS THE
SILVER AVENGERS
AND YOU CAN'T
JOIN!**

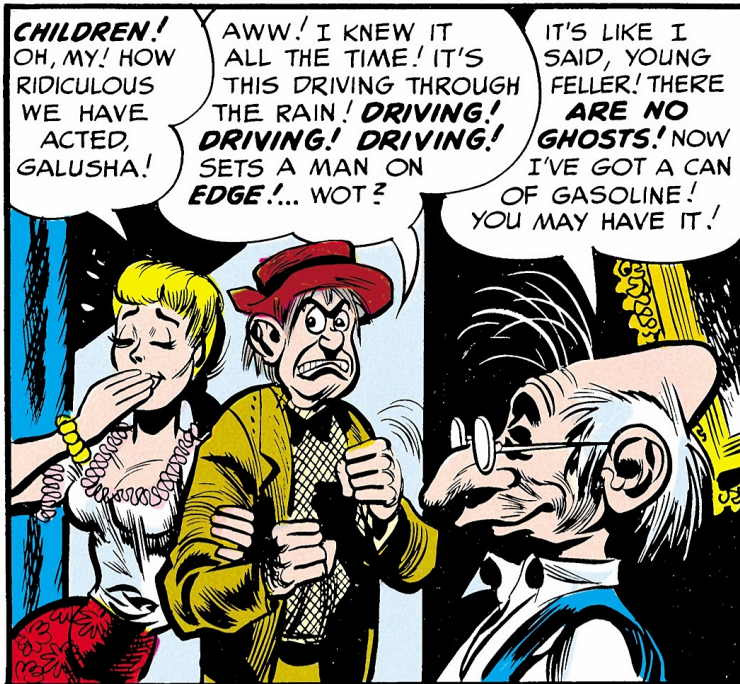
**YEAH! GET
OUTTA OUR
CLUB HOUSE
OR WE'LL
HAUNT YOU
AND KILL
YOU!**





COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!

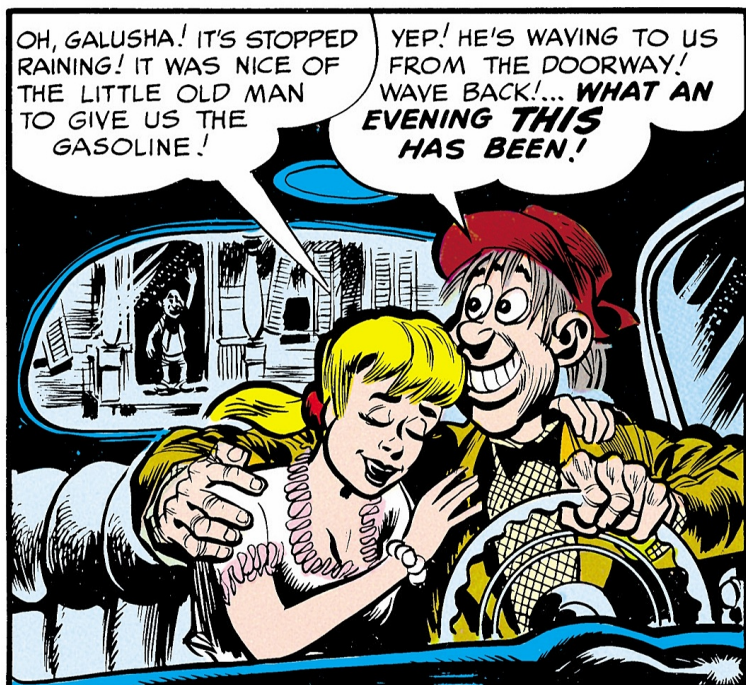
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!



CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!

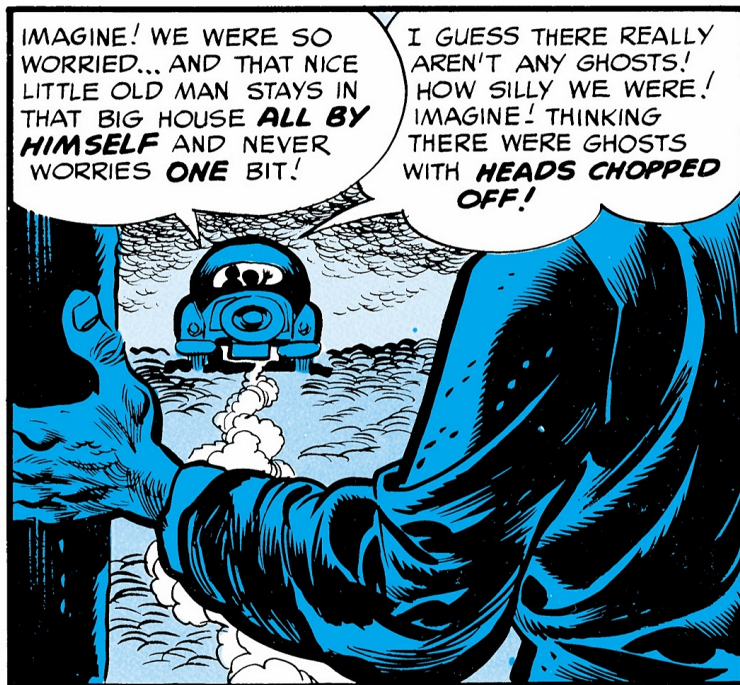
AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! **DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING!** SETS A MAN ON **EDGE!**... WOT?

IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE **ARE NO GHOSTS!** NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!



OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!

YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAVE BACK!... **WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!**



IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE **ALL BY HIMSELF** AND NEVER WORRIES **ONE BIT!**

I GUESS THERE REALLY **AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!** HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH **HEADS CHOPPED OFF!**



HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!



GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...



...REMEMBER... THERE **AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!** HEH! HEH!



...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!

HA HA HA HA HA HA



Interesting guy that Satan, bobbing around Hades all day long looking for souls to do business of the flesh beyond compare (homina homina)! But watch it! ("It's a trap, Batman!") One pays

Satan's Secret



CLIENT: Ted Kennedy

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Signer shall be born into highly prominent political family and achieve the distinguished rank of Senior U.S. Senator. In return, his life will be plagued by sordid scandal and drunken debauchery, followed by his never-ending attempts to redeem himself in the public eye, all of which make him look even more like an incoherent, sex-crazed buffoon. In addition, signee must live with the stigma that of the three legendary brothers in his family, he was the only one never to "shack-up" with Marilyn Monroe.

CLIENT: Howard Stern

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned, despite his blatantly sexist views and physical appearance bordering on the utterly hideous, will possess the eerie power to coerce foxy women into exposing their breasts to him at his command. In return, he must marry at an early age, condemning himself to a tortuously frustrating life of imagining "what might have been," as topless babes jiggle their goodies mere centimeters away from his gigantic, misshapen nose, while he is helpless to taste the forbidden fruit.

CLIENT: Tom Arnold

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned shall find himself on top of the TV sitcom world without ever saying, doing, writing or participating in anything remotely funny. In return, he shall be required to marry an unattractive, excessively large, obnoxious, irritating, some would say grotesque, repugnant and vile, whiny-voiced bitch/comedienne with barnyard manners and a propensity for pulling deviant and truly pathetic media stunts.

with. He'll promise you anything! Worldly possessions, fame, riches, not to mention pleasures
a heavy price making a deal with the devil, and if you don't believe us, see for yourself in...

Pacts... Revealed!

WRITER MARK HUDIS ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN



CLIENT: Rush Limbaugh

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Undersigned shall host the most listened to talk show on radio, achieving cult status and becoming a living god to millions of Conservative-thinking Americans of all ages. In return, his antiquated and offensive views on feminist issues will completely alienate and turn off all women liberal enough to even consider going out with an obnoxious, overgrown bag of fat and mucus such as himself.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #329, JUL-AUG 1994

CLIENT: Clint Eastwood

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Signatory shall rise to the very top of his profession as a lauded Academy Award-winning auteur and internationally famous motion picture star. In return, he must go through life with the use of only one facial expression.

CLIENT: *Saturday Night Live*

TERMS OF AGREEMENT: Despite sketches that go plodding on forever and a marginal talent pool, undersigned shall enjoy a longevity usually reserved for only extraordinary television programs. In return, cast regulars must endure a never-ending barrage of reviews pointing out "it's not as funny as it was in the early days." In addition, for every successful spin-off project (see *Wayne's World*) a cast member gets involved in, there will be no less than three catastrophic failure spin-off projects (see *So I Married An Axe Murderer*, *Coneheads* and *Wayne's World 2*).

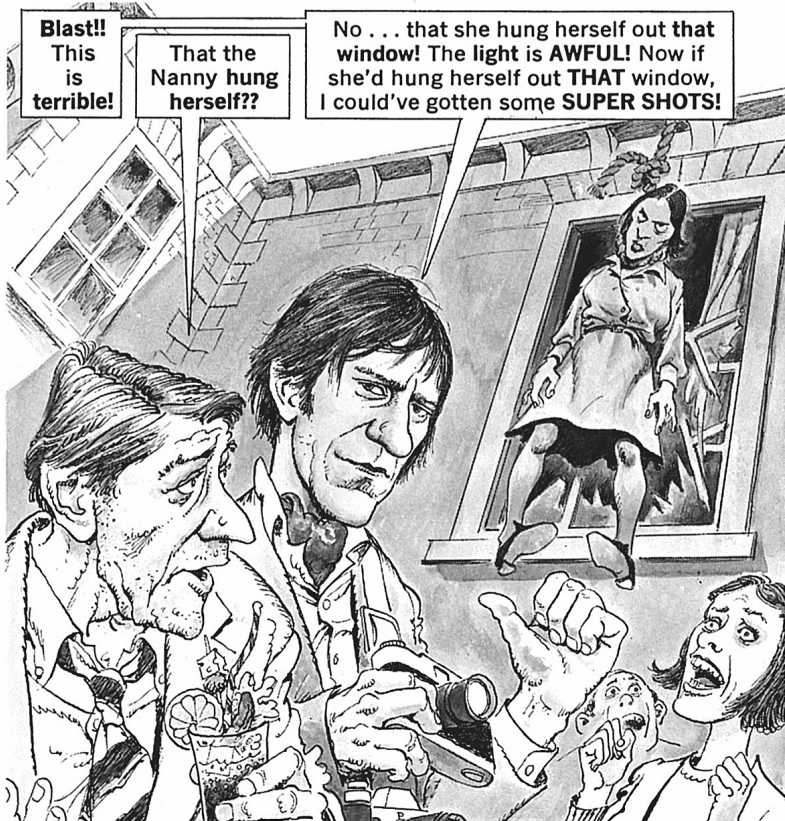
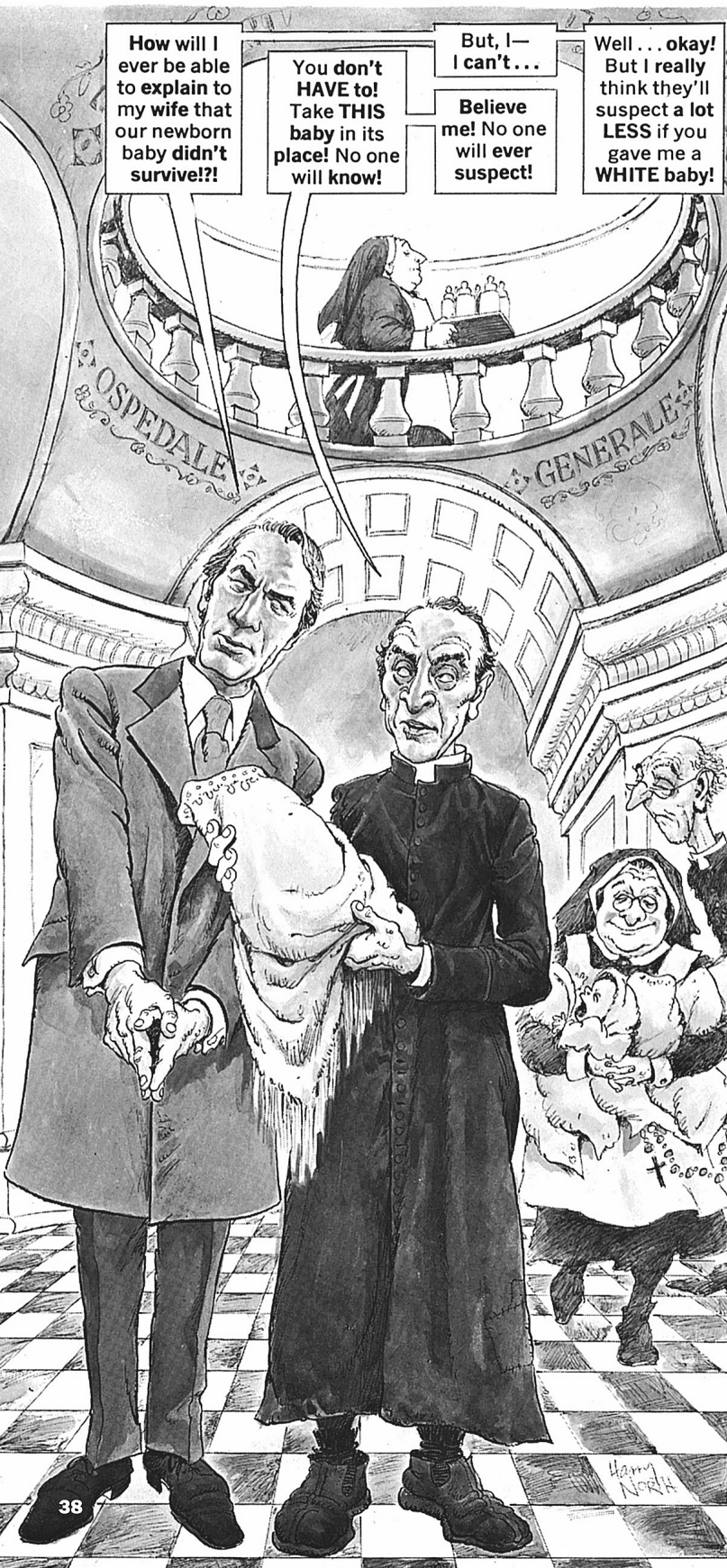


The Devil means big business for the movie industry these days. First came "Rosemary's Baby"... then "The Exorcist"... and now, this latest film. It's apparent movie fans go for ...

THE O

6+6
=16*

*SCARY!...how horrible we are at math!

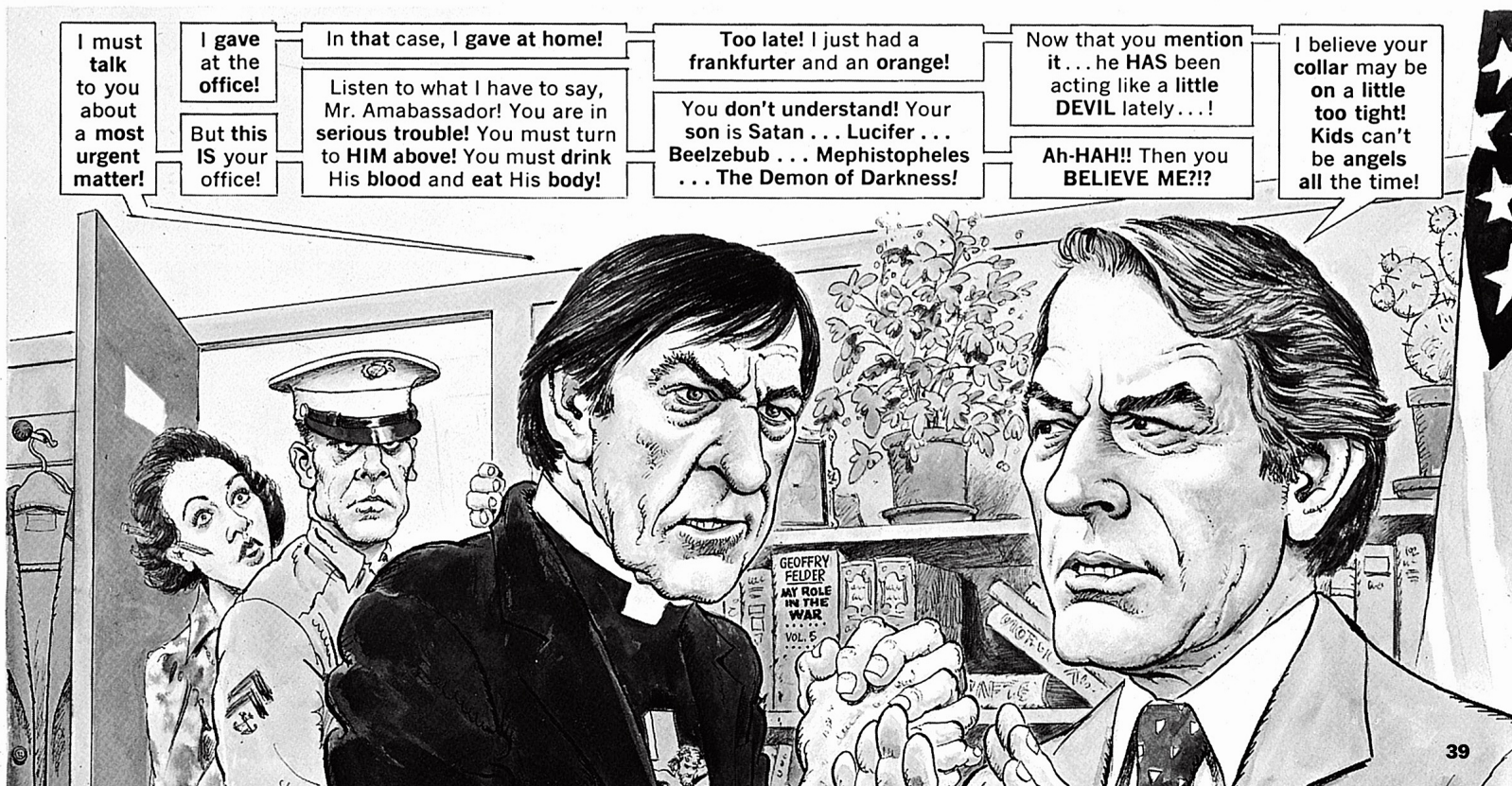


MENOUS



WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**

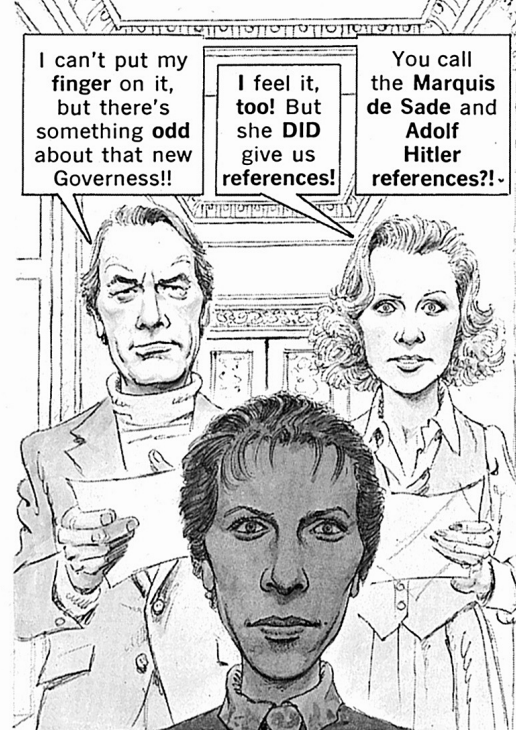
ARTIST **HARRY NORTH, ESQ.**





Mrs. Warlock, my husband and I are a little **concerned!** You came here and said you were Demon's new **Governess**, and yet neither of us hired you!

I know, Mum! But when I saw the old **Governess** hanging out the window, I began to suspect that you might have an opening here! Besides, I have **references!**



I can't put my finger on it, but there's something **odd** about that new **Governess!!**

I feel it, too! But she **DID** give us **references!**

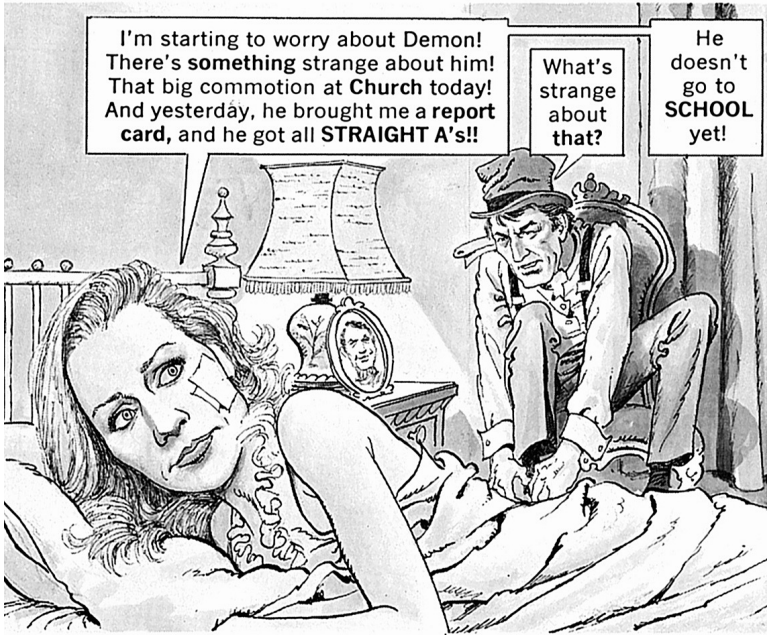
You call the **Marquis de Sade** and **Adolf Hitler** **references?!-**



This is Demon's first visit to a **Church**, and he seems upset! I don't know why he's acting this way, Father!

No!! No!! Please, Mommy! Take me home!!

That's all right, Mrs. Horns! You needn't come into the **Church!** We can take up the collection out here in your car!



I'm starting to worry about Demon! There's something strange about him! That big commotion at **Church** today! And yesterday, he brought me a report card, and he got all **STRAIGHT A's!!**

What's strange about that?

He doesn't go to **SCHOOL** yet!

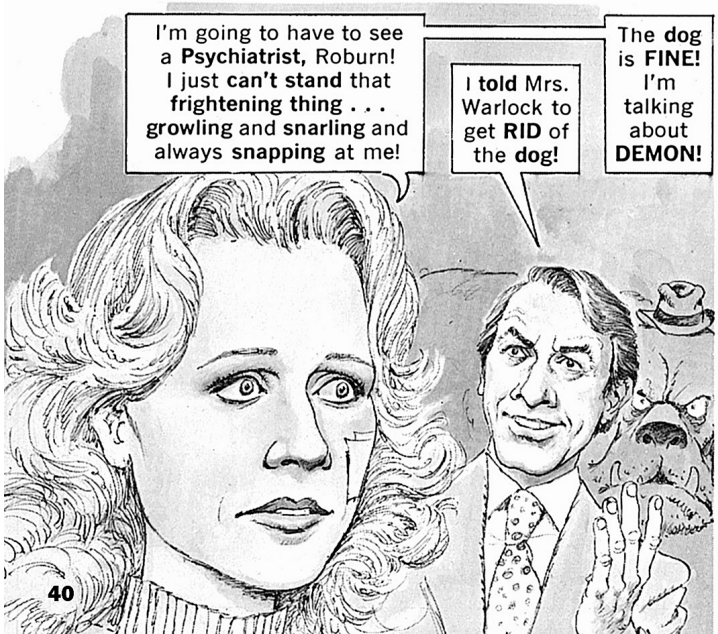


Mrs. Warlock! What is this **DOG** doing here?! Get rid of him immediately!

I thought he would make a good watchdog for the child!

Well... I'm afraid he might not like the rest of the staff!

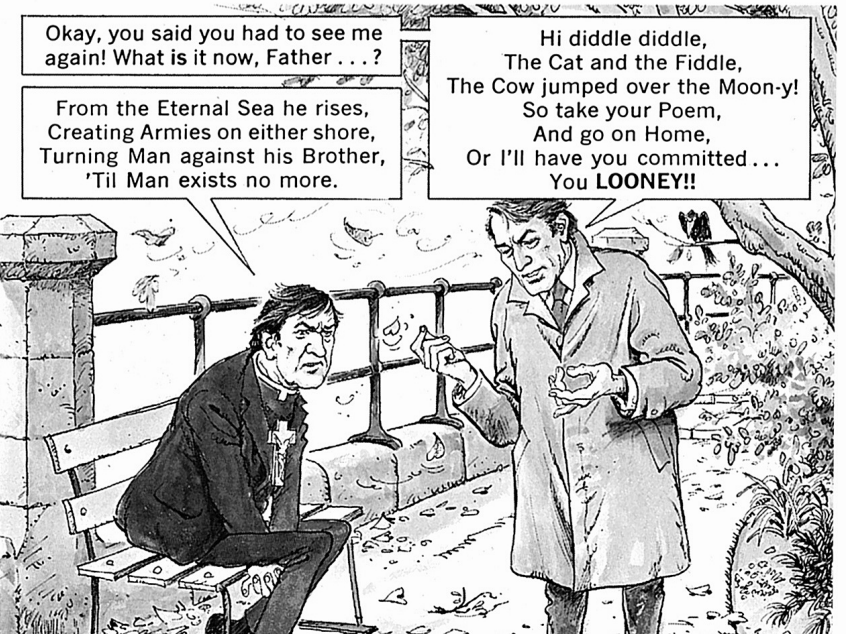
But he **LOVES** the rest of the staff, Sir! Why... only this morning, he **LICKED** two of them to **DEATH!**



I'm going to have to see a **Psychiatrist**, Roburn! I just can't stand that **frightening thing...** growling and snarling and always snapping at me!

I told Mrs. Warlock to get **RID** of the dog!

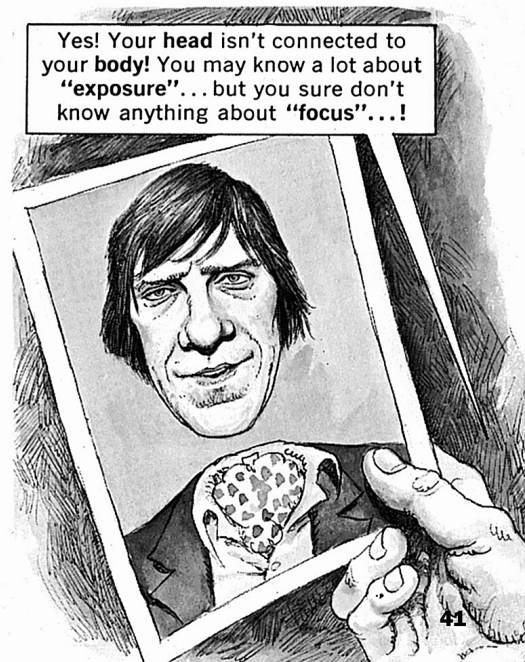
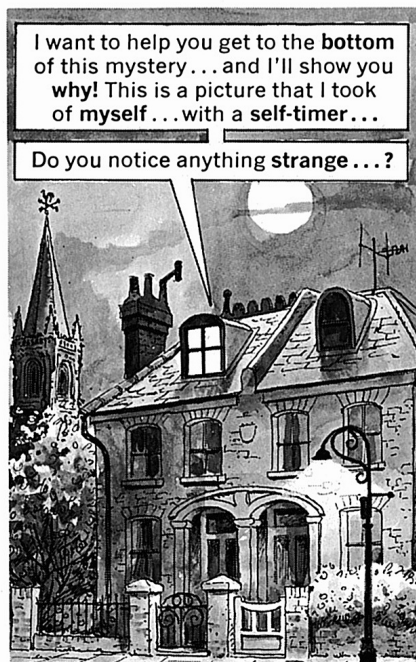
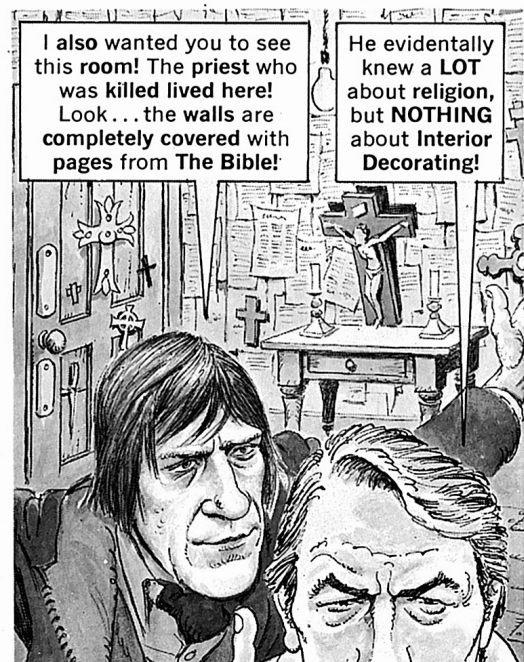
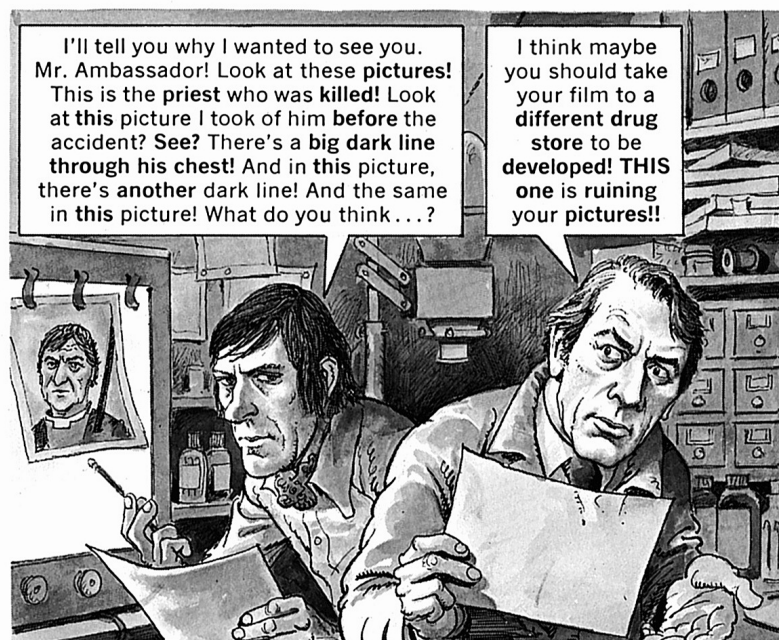
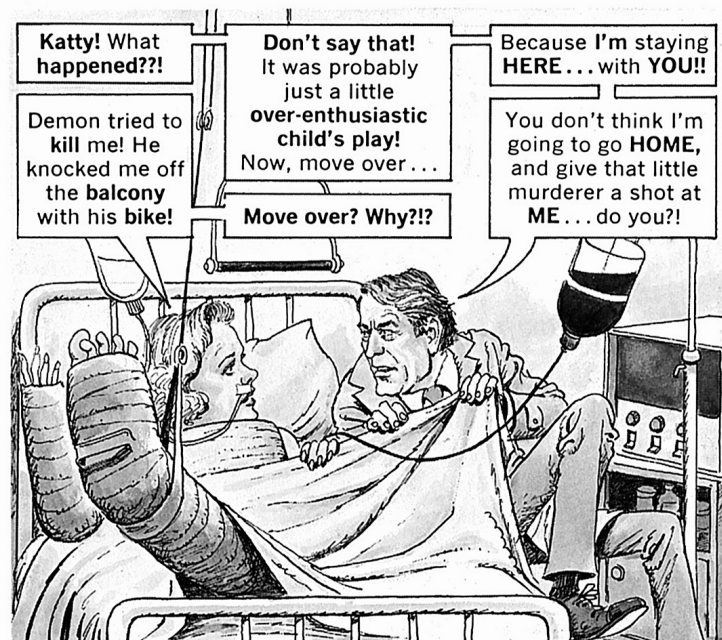
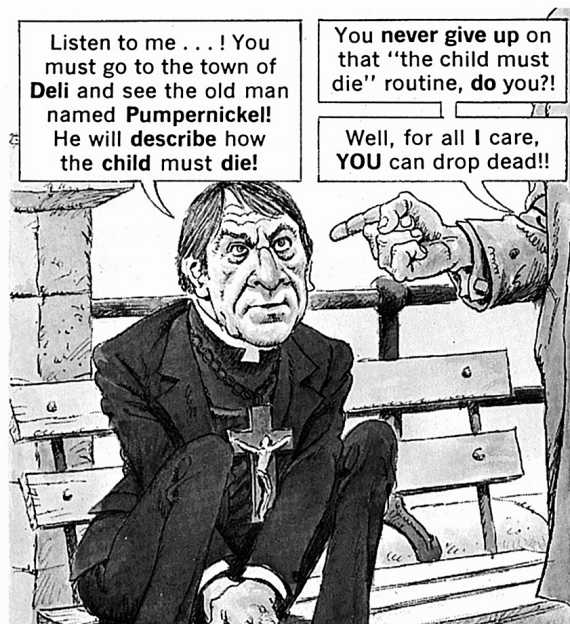
The dog is **FINE!** I'm talking about **DEMON!**

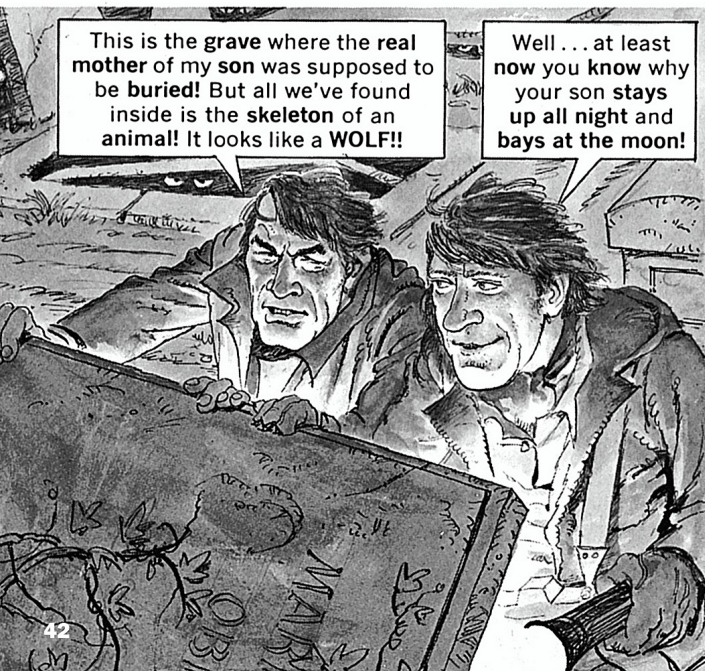
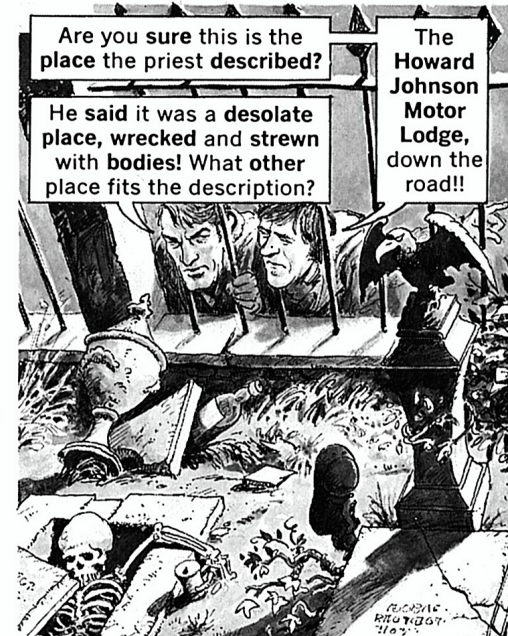
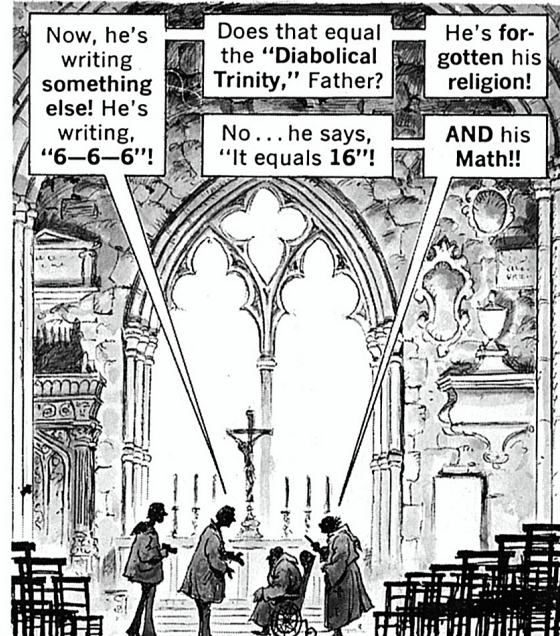


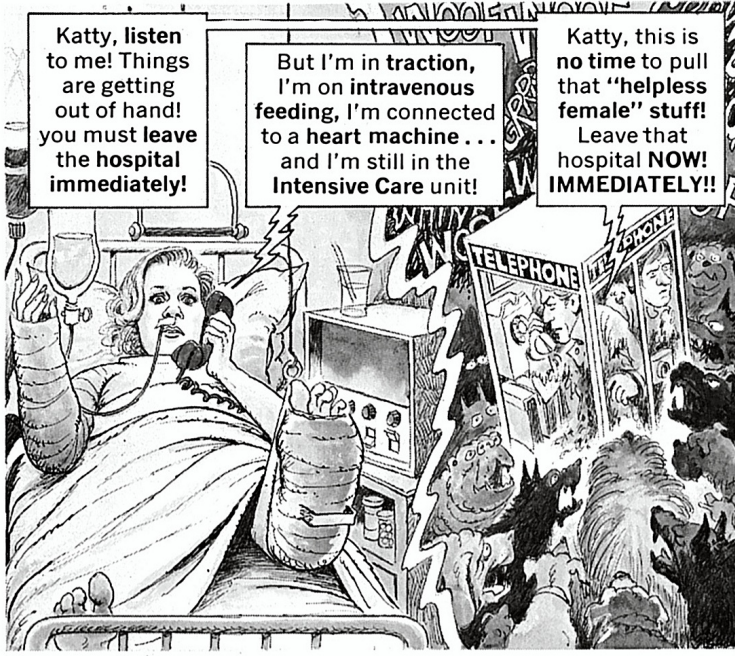
Okay, you said you had to see me again! What is it now, Father...?

From the **Eternal Sea** he rises, Creating Armies on either shore, Turning Man against his Brother, 'Til Man exists no more.

Hi diddle diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle, The Cow jumped over the Moon-y! So take your Poem, And go on Home, Or I'll have you committed... You **LOONEY!!**



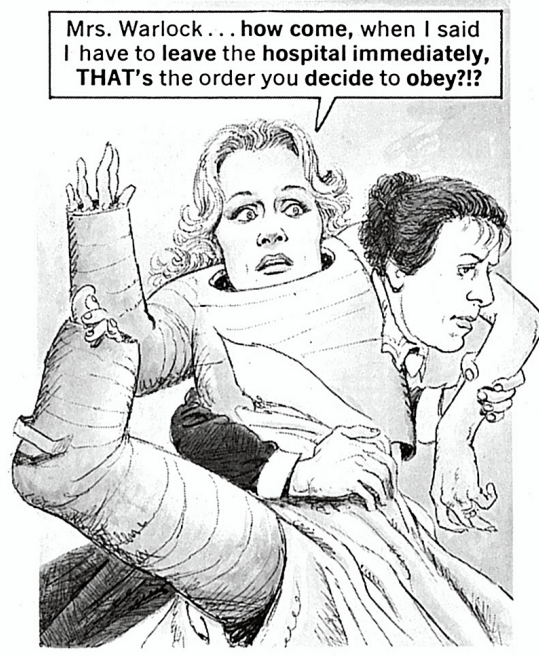




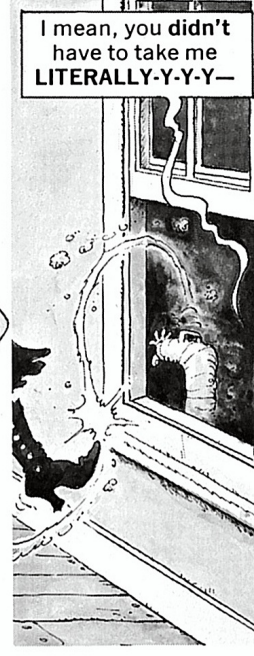
Katty, listen to me! Things are getting out of hand! you must leave the hospital immediately!

But I'm in traction, I'm on intravenous feeding, I'm connected to a heart machine . . . and I'm still in the Intensive Care unit!

Katty, this is no time to pull that "helpless female" stuff! Leave that hospital NOW! IMMEDIATELY!!



Mrs. Warlock . . . how come, when I said I have to leave the hospital immediately, **THAT's** the order you decide to obey???



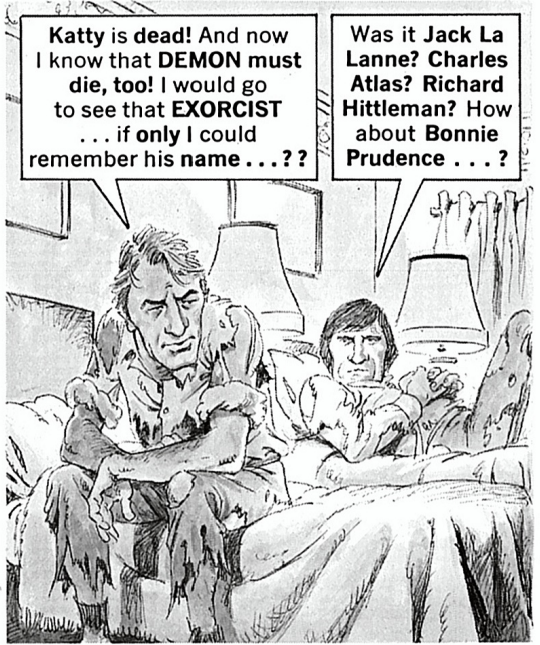
I mean, you didn't have to take me **LITERALLY-Y-Y-Y—**



Good Lord . . . that was terrible! Shall I call an ambulance?

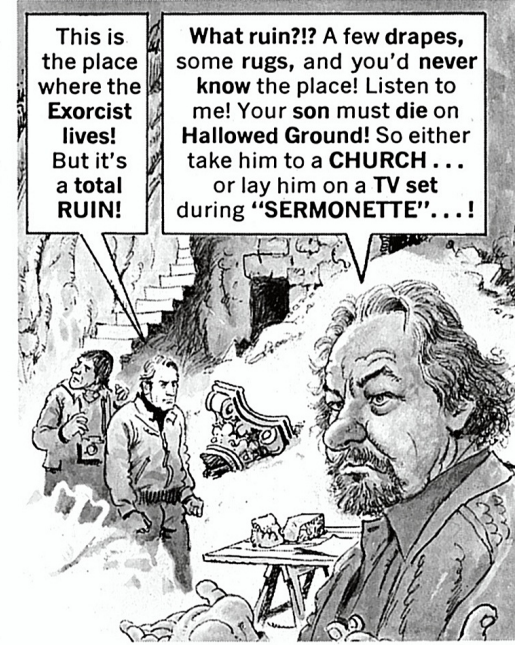
Why bother???

She landed on one!!



Katty is dead! And now I know that **DEMON** must die, too! I would go to see that **EXORCIST** . . . if only I could remember his name . . . ??

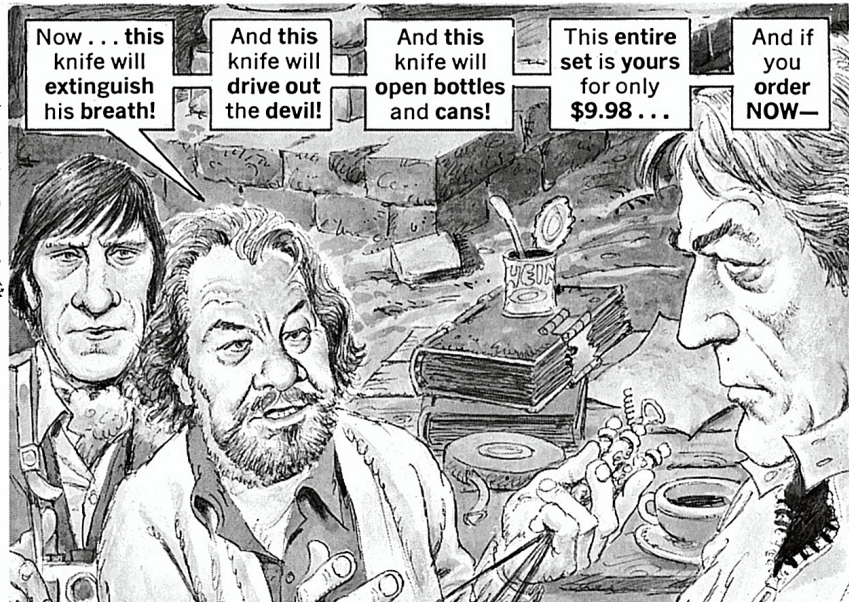
Was it Jack La Lanne? Charles Atlas? Richard Littleman? How about Bonnie Prudence . . . ?



This is the place where the **Exorcist** lives! But it's a total **RUIN!**

What ruin???

A few drapes, some rugs, and you'd never know the place! Listen to me! Your son must die on **Hallowed Ground!** So either take him to a **CHURCH** . . . or lay him on a **TV set** during "**SERMONETTE**" . . . !



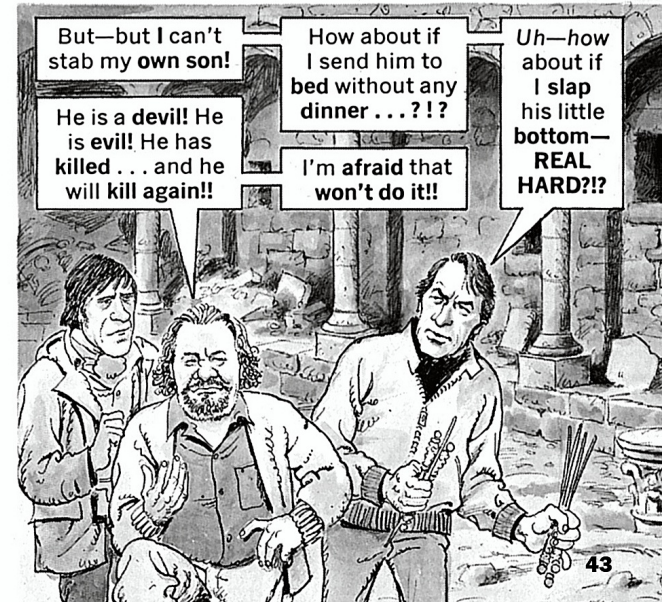
Now . . . this knife will extinguish his breath!

And this knife will drive out the devil!

And this knife will open bottles and cans!

This entire set is yours for only **\$9.98 . . .**

And if you order **NOW—**



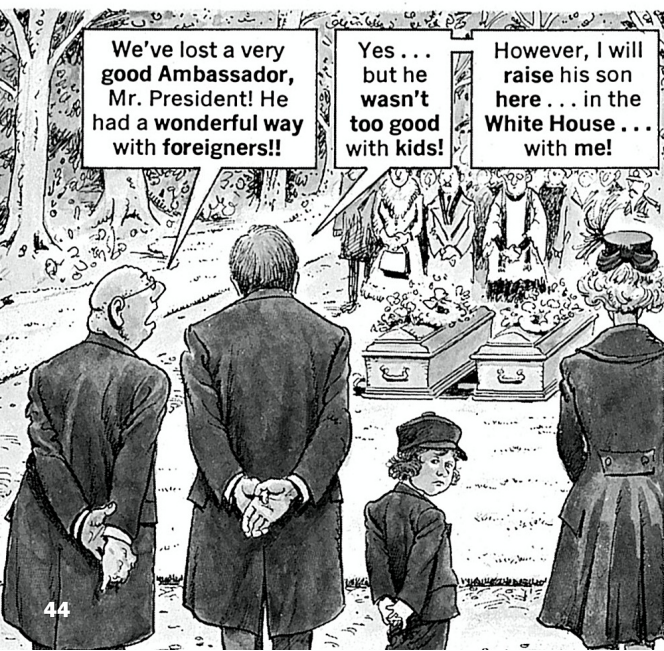
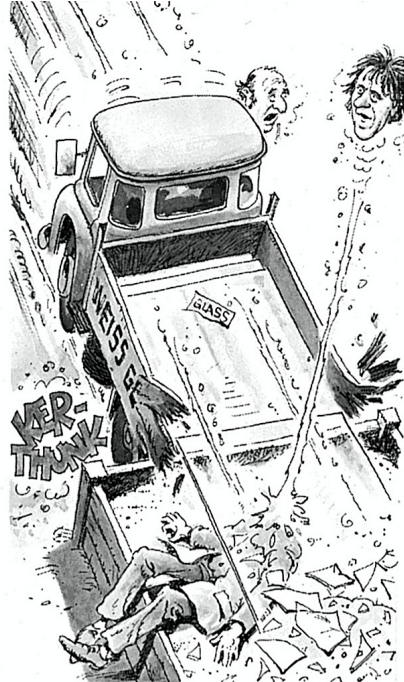
But—but I can't stab my own son!

He is a devil! He is evil! He has killed . . . and he will kill again!!

How about if I send him to bed without any dinner . . . ?!!

I'm afraid that won't do it!!

Uh—how about if I slap his little bottom—**REAL HARD???**





JUST BELOW THE SURFACE

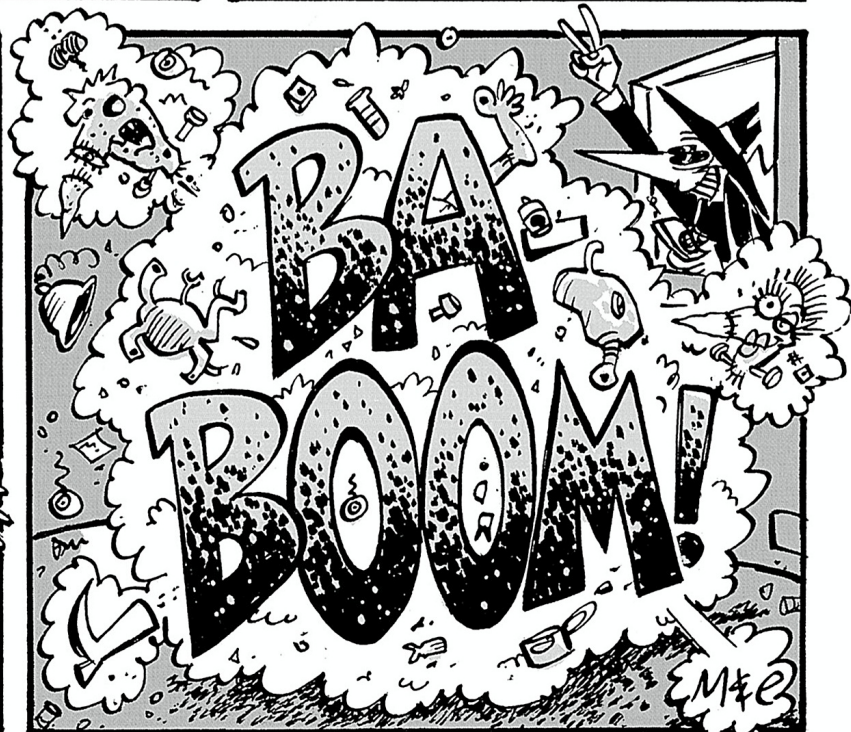
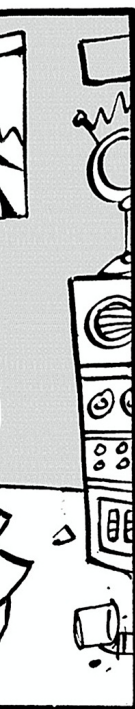
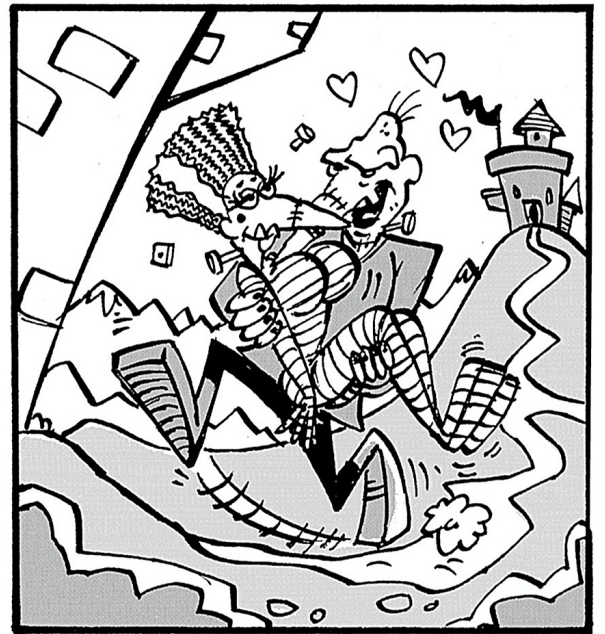
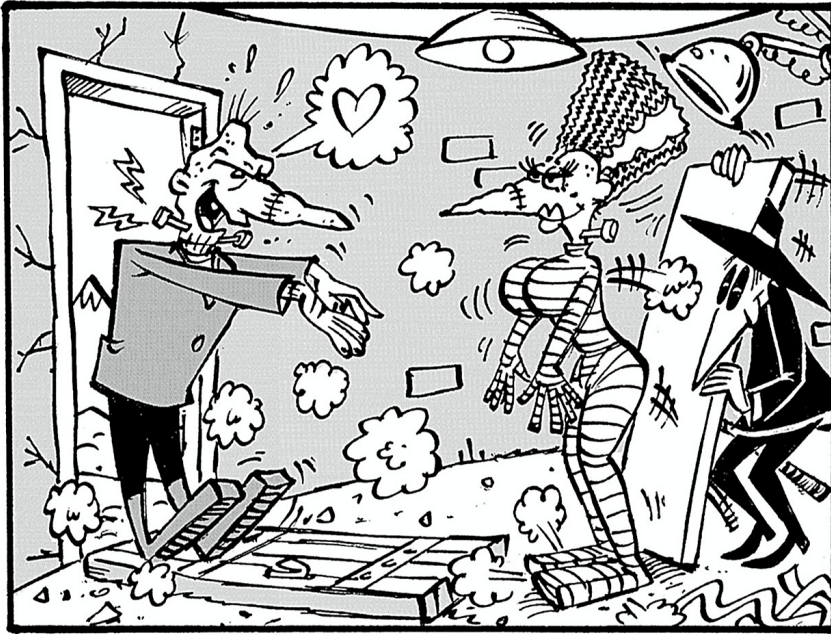
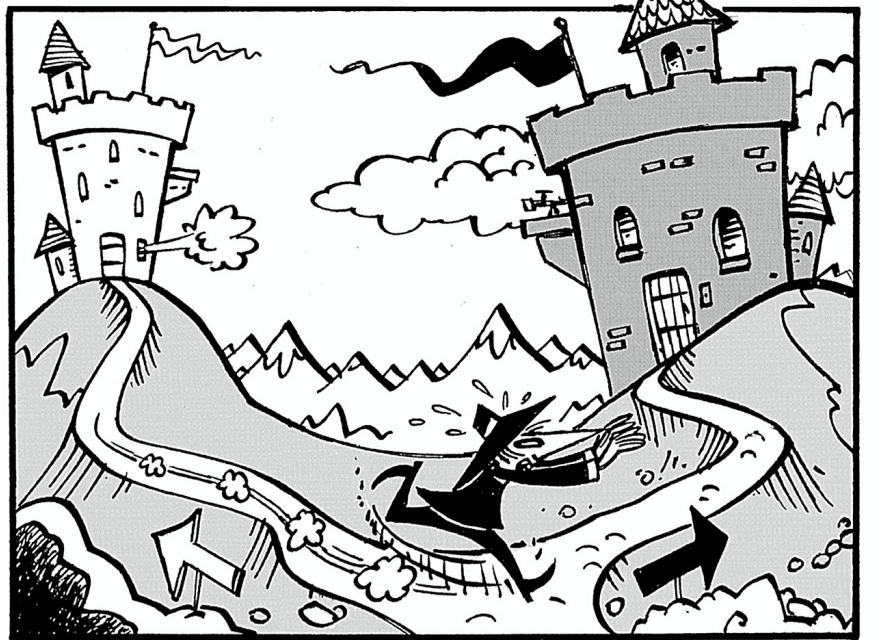
WRITER & ARTIST DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ

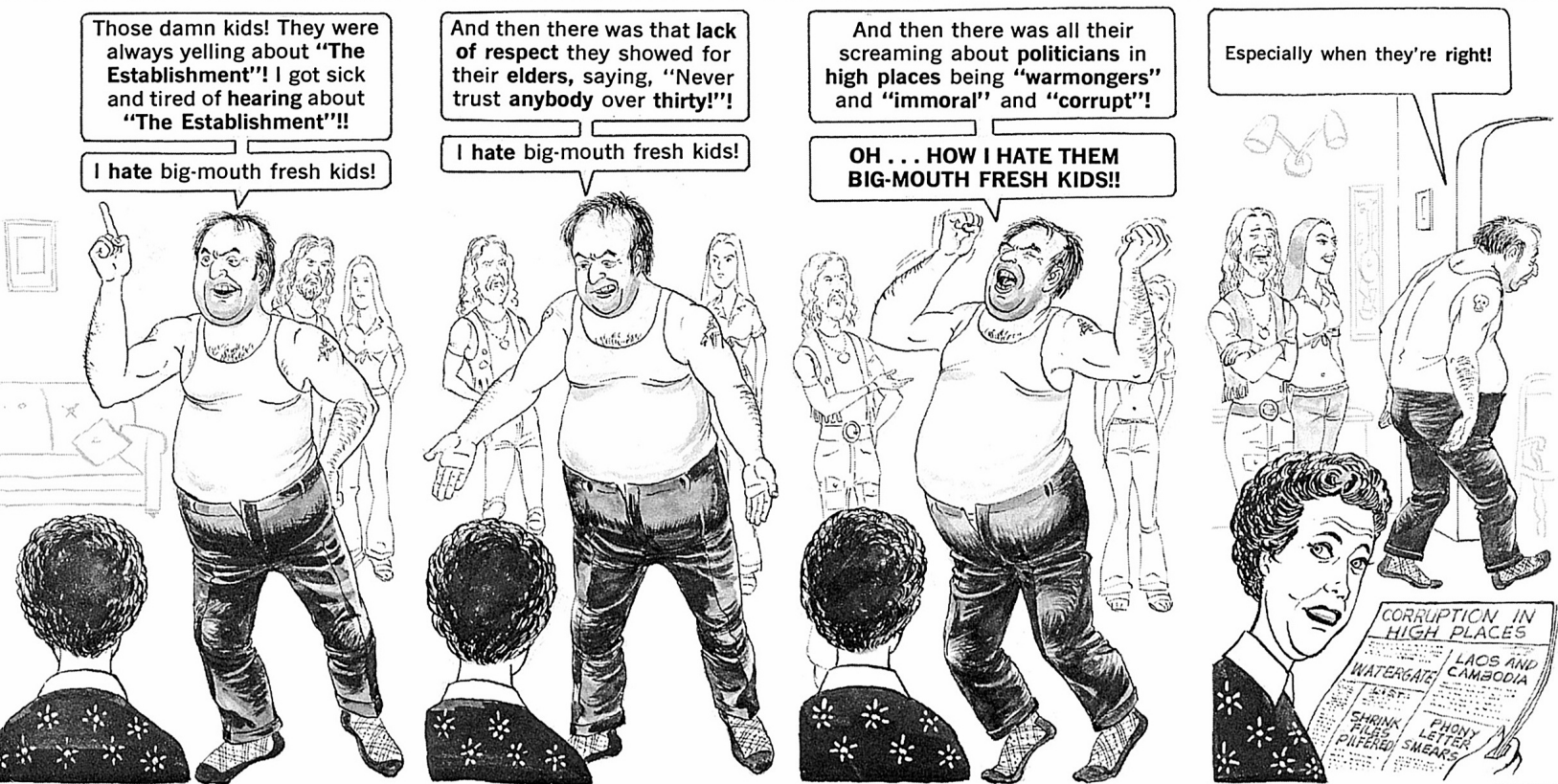




WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DAVE MANEK







 **BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.**

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COR

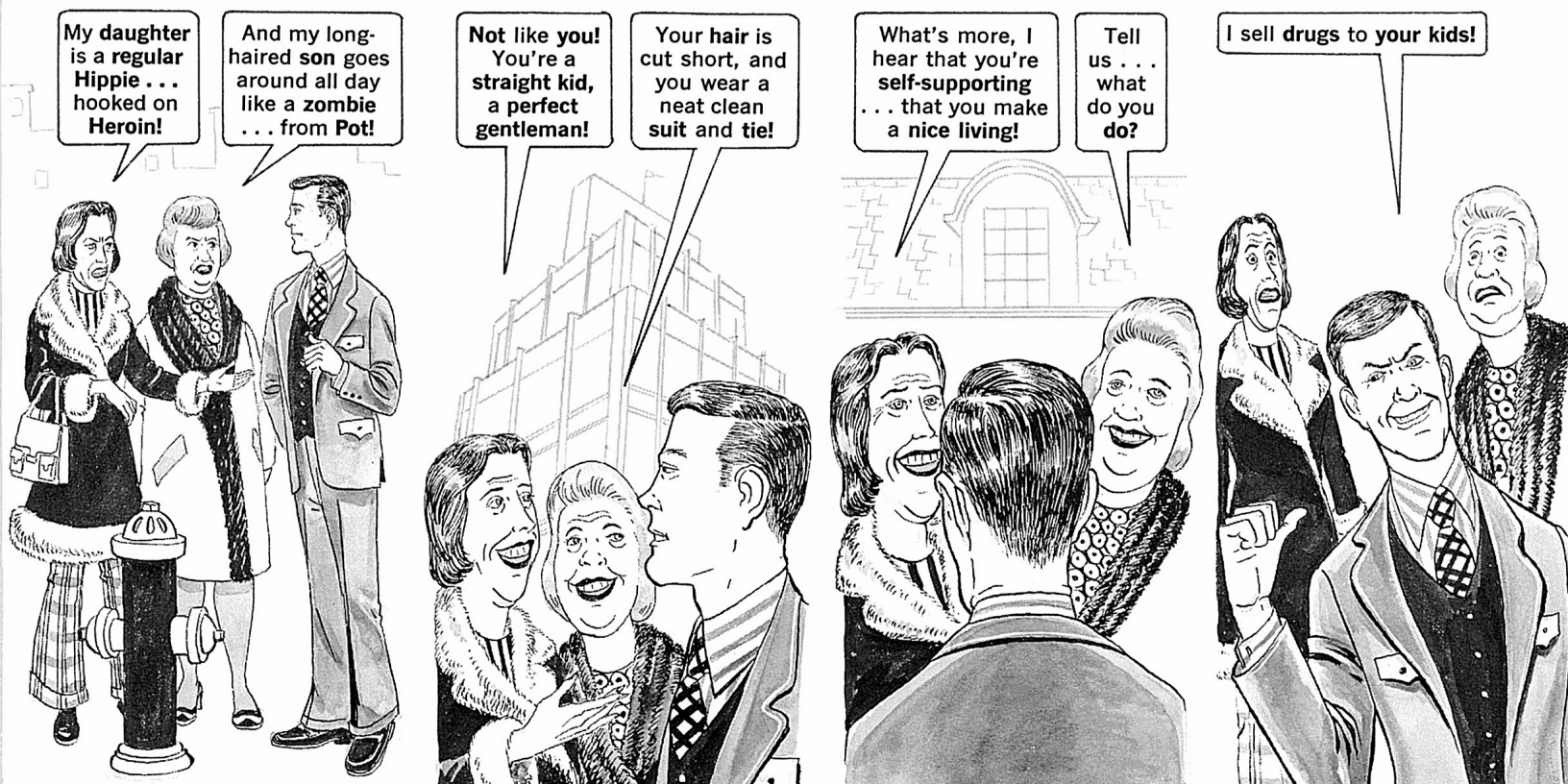


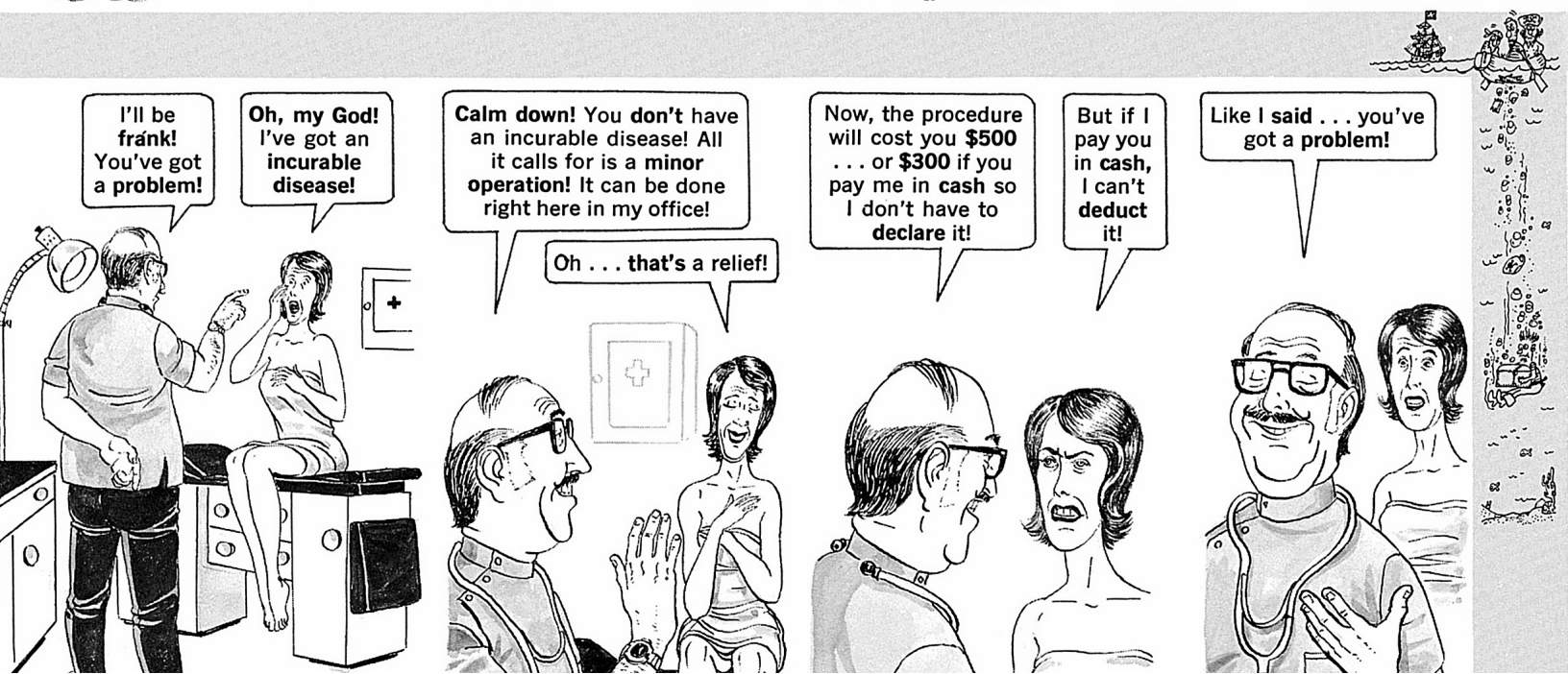
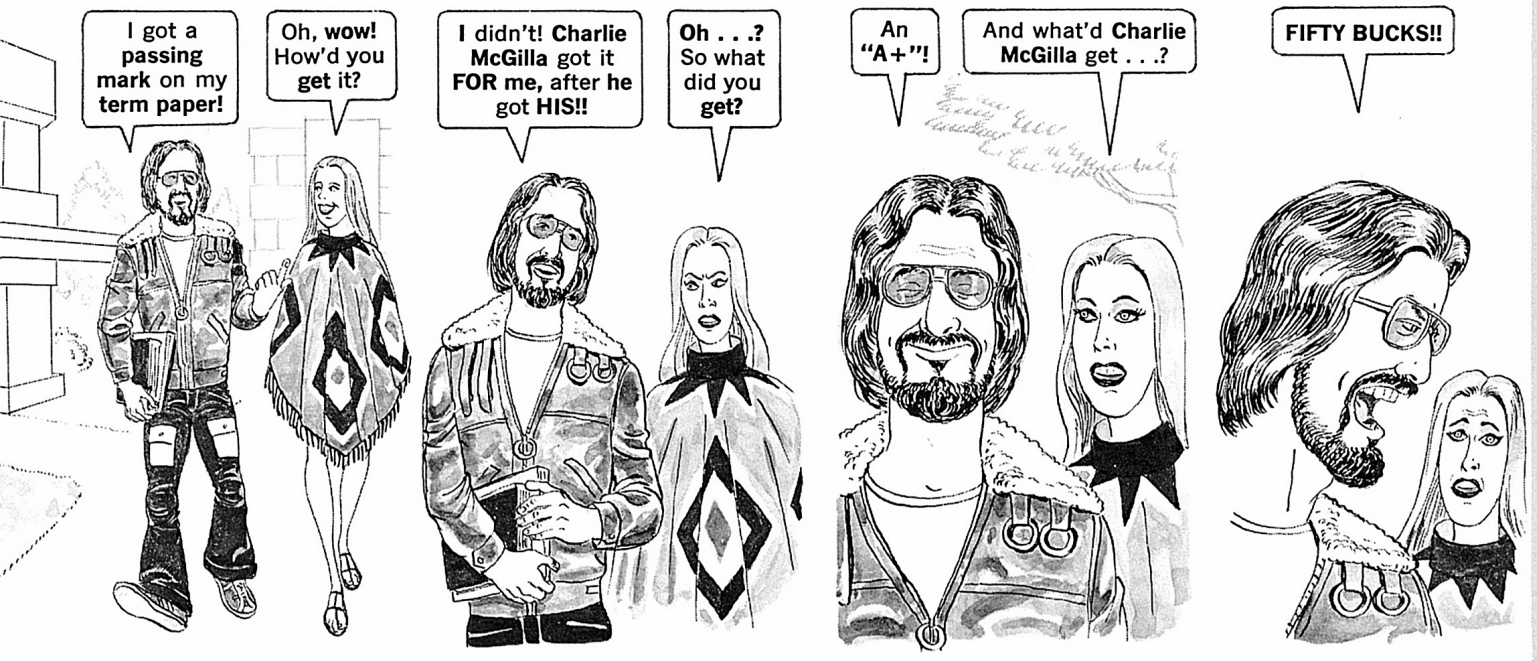


RUPTION



WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG





Excuse me, Warden!
Number 87654 asks
for permission
to speak to you!

Okay!
Send
him
in . . .

Oh, yes! You're the
ex-politician who
misappropriated half
a million dollars in
campaign contributions
for your personal use?

That's right, sir!

Okay! What
can I do
for you?

Well, my Cellmate
is in here for
"purse snatching"—

—and I think it's beneath
my station to share my cell
with a **COMMON CRIMINAL!**

That's a rather
expensive-looking
slide rule! Where
did you get it?

I stole
it
from
school!

You—you **STOLE** it?!? What's
happening in this country?!?
There's a total moral break-
down! These are the first days
of the **LAST** days! Don't you
know it's dishonest to steal?!?

If you wanted a slide
rule that badly, why
didn't you **TELL** me!?

I would've brought one
home from the **OFFICE!!**

What kind of dumb kids
have
we brought up? They take
foreign substances like drugs,
and they deliberately inject
them into their bodies in
order to dull their senses
and scramble their brains!

Not only that, but they
become **addicted!** Every
time the pressure is on,
they escape by using
these drugs they've
become dependent upon!

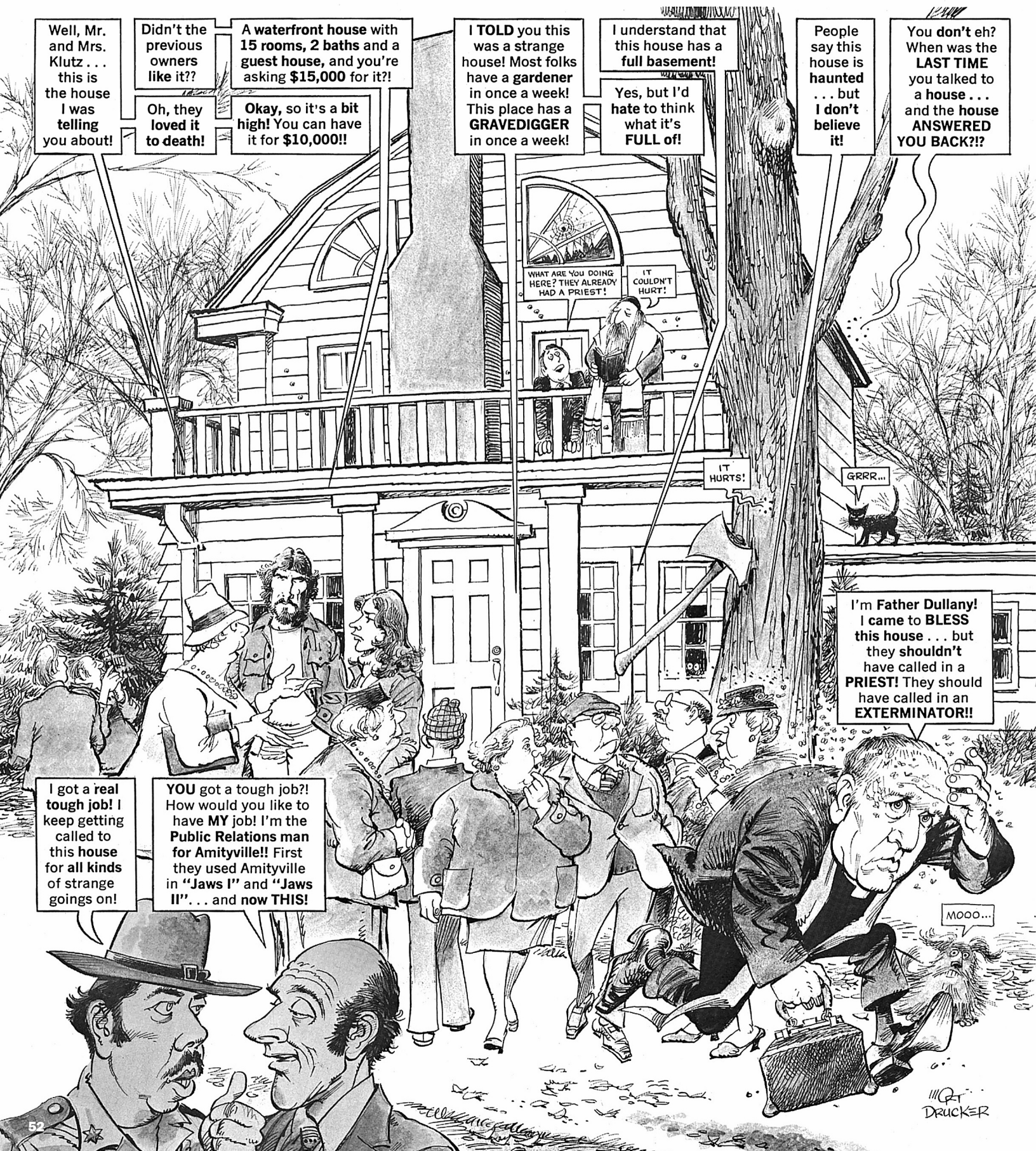
I want to run . . .
to seek sanctuary
. . . to find some
place, some thing
that will wipe out
this awful truth
from my mind!

I
know
the
very
place
and
thing!

BAR



Recently, there was a horror film that made the rounds which had as its advertising slogan, "FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OUT!" Well, not until millions of moviegoers had paid their admissions fees did they realize that it was a warning to the audience—to GET OUT OF THE THEATER before this "horror" unfolded on the screen! But the warning had come too late to save both their money, and them from suffering through



Well, Mr. and Mrs. Klutz... this is the house I was telling you about!

Didn't the previous owners like it??
Oh, they loved it to death!

A waterfront house with 15 rooms, 2 baths and a guest house, and you're asking \$15,000 for it?!
Okay, so it's a bit high! You can have it for \$10,000!!

I TOLD you this was a strange house! Most folks have a gardener in once a week! This place has a GRAVEDIGGER in once a week!

I understand that this house has a full basement!
Yes, but I'd hate to think what it's FULL of!

People say this house is haunted... but I don't believe it!

You don't eh? When was the LAST TIME you talked to a house... and the house ANSWERED YOU BACK??!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THEY ALREADY HAD A PRIEST!

IT COULDN'T HURT!

IT HURTS!

GRRR...

I'm Father Dullany! I came to BLESS this house... but they shouldn't have called in a PRIEST! They should have called in an EXTERMINATOR!!

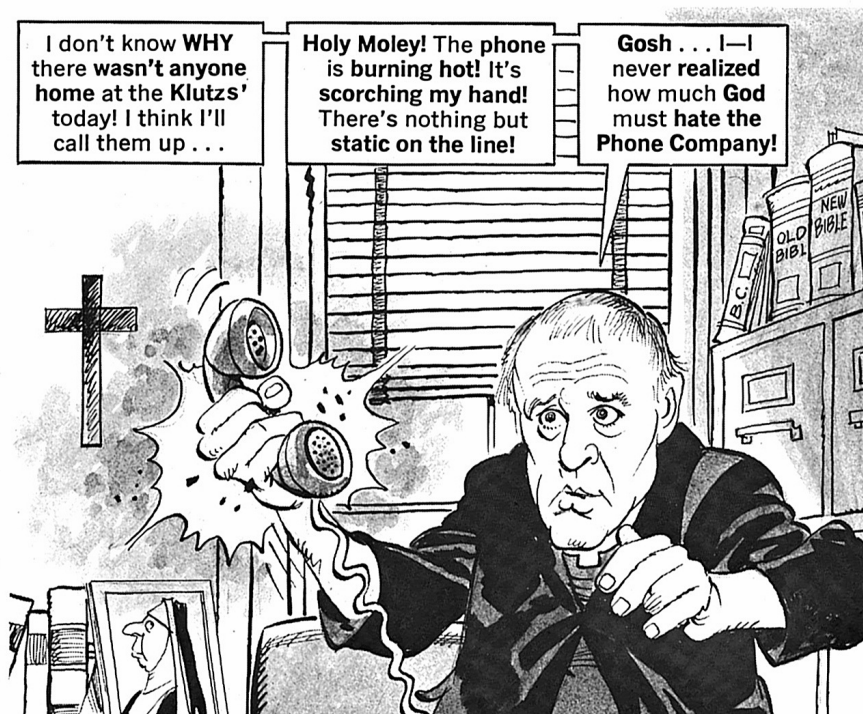
I got a real tough job! I keep getting called to this house for all kinds of strange goings on!

YOU got a tough job?! How would you like to have MY job! I'm the Public Relations man for Amityville!! First they used Amityville in "Jaws I" and "Jaws II"... and now THIS!

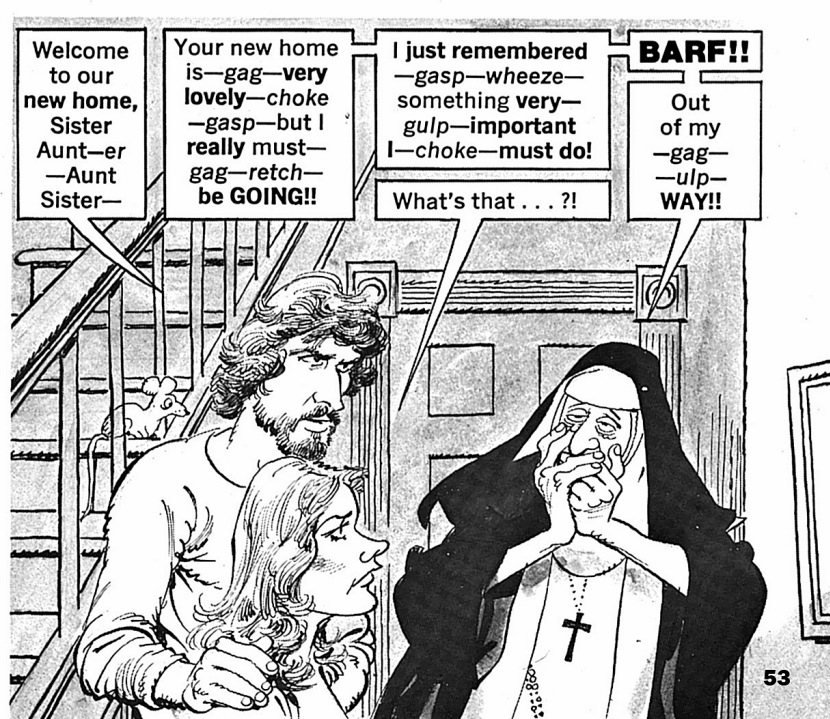
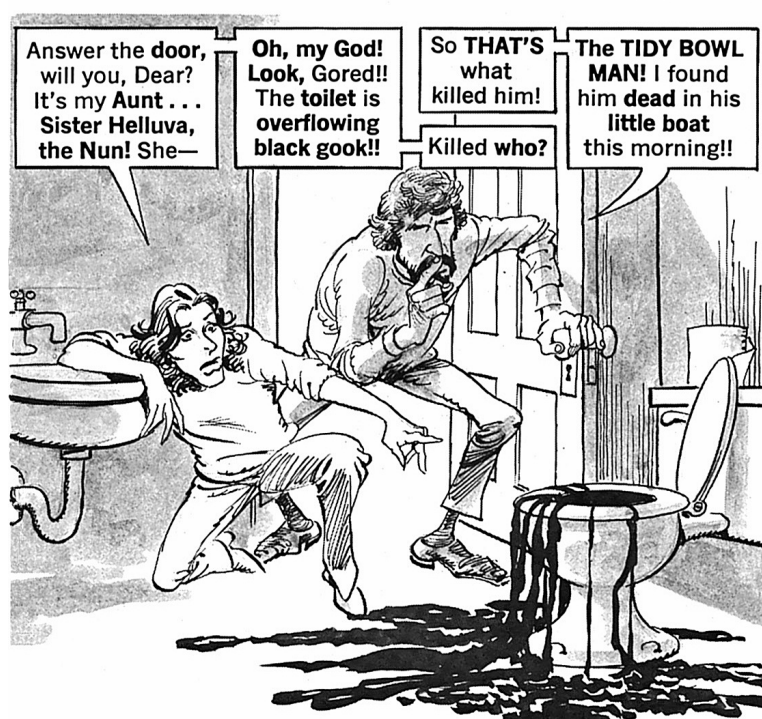
MOOO...



THE CALAMITYVILLE HORROR



WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



Gored, please come to bed!

Soon! I just want to put another log on the fire!

You and that--that **FIRE!** I can't stand it any more!

What gets you so upset about me making a fire??

Because . . . you idiot . . . we don't have a fireplace!

There's something wrong in that house the Klutzs' are living in, I tell you! We tried to **DRIVE OVER** there, and what happened?!

The brakes failed, . . . and the gas pedal stuck . . . and the steering wheel column broke . . . !!

What's so strange about that?! You **DID** borrow the **BRAND NEW CAR** we were going to raffle off next Sunday night!!



I tell you, the **DEVIL** is in that house!!

You're making too much out of this!! If you don't stop, we'll have to make you a **SAINT!**

But you have to be **DEAD** to be a Saint!

NOW you're starting to get the idea!!

This plate of cookies is for **Blamey** . . . and that empty plate of imaginary cookies is for Blamey's imaginary friend, **Jokey!**

Gee, if Blamey has an imaginary friend, do I get paid extra for babysitting two kids?!

Sure! Your imaginary extra money is under the plate!!

Why didn't you let the Baby-sitter out of the closet?!

She didn't say "Please!" . . .

My God! Our daughter has become a **SADIST!**

Yes . . . but a well-mannered sadist! She **DID** expect the Babysitter to say "Please!"

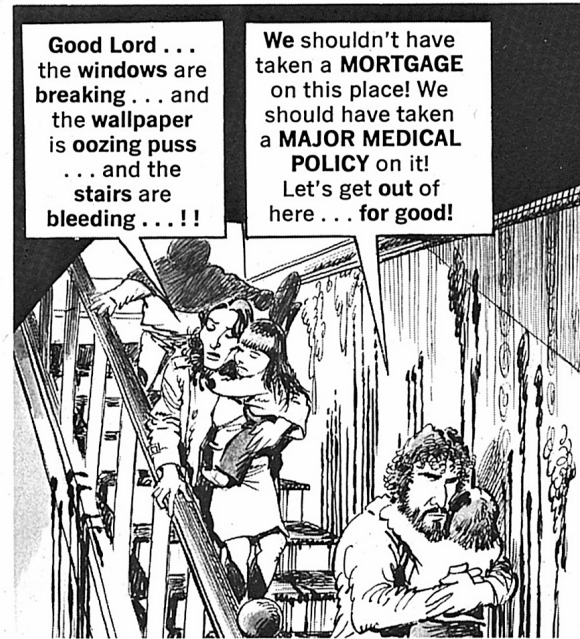
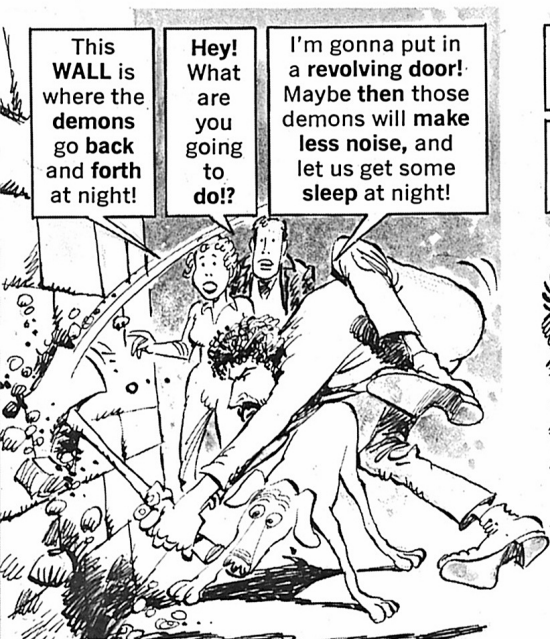
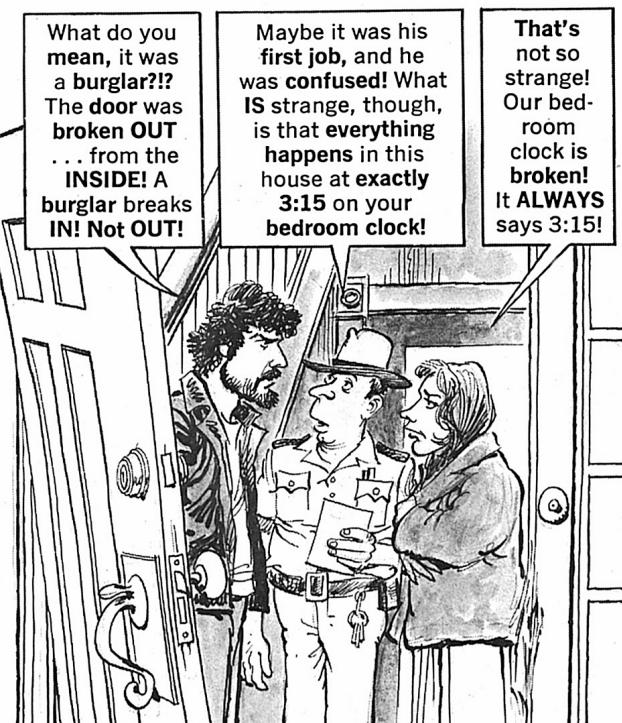
. . . and it will be **CLEAR** tonight, except for a very local freak storm! A very, **VERY** local freak storm . . . just over that old, weird, scary house in **Amityville!**

Gored, I—I dreamed that you murdered the whole family with your **AXE!!**

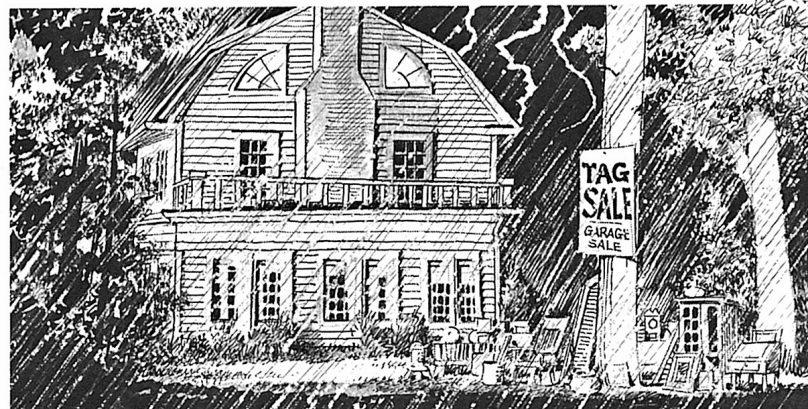
Nonsense! Now, go back to sleep!

I can't! My pillow seems so **HARD!**

I KNEW! I hid my axe under **ONE** of these pillows!



The Klutzs left their house and never went back for their personal belongings. They didn't have to! With the million bucks they've made from the book ... and a few million more from the movie ... why would they want any of that old junk, anyway?!



ZOMBIE FUN PAGE

FAVORITE DOG BREEDS OF THE ZOMBIE COMMUNITY

WRITER JEFF KRUSE
ARTIST TOM BUNK



**MOLDEN
RETRIEVER**

ROTTINGWEILER

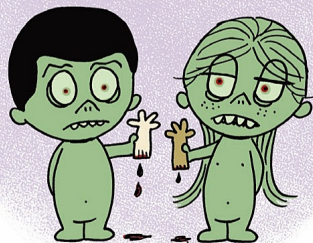
BLOODHOUND
(Duh!)

**STENCH
POODLE**

BORDER COLLIE
(some zombies have
conventional taste)

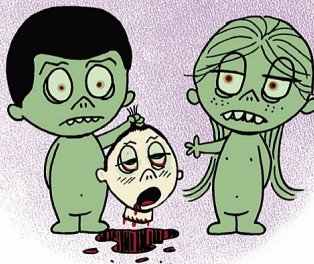
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #514, APR 2012

ZOMBIE
love is...



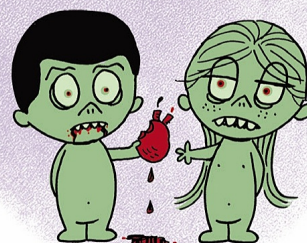
...holding hands.

ZOMBIE
love is...



...helping her get a head.

ZOMBIE
love is...



...sharing your heart.

WRITER & ARTIST **SCOTT NICKEL**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #508, APR 2011

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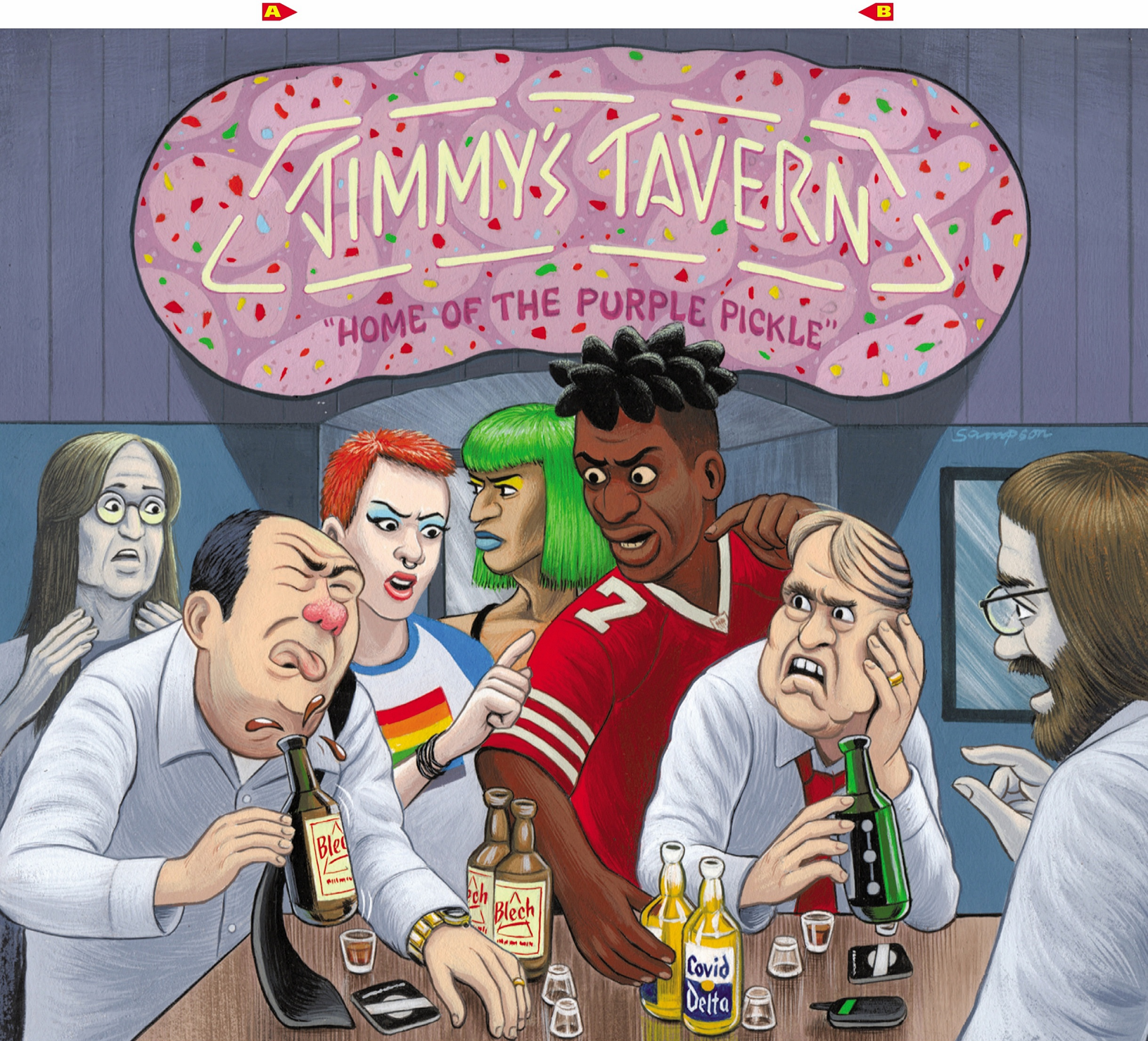
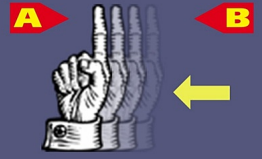
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DESPITE OUR MANY
DIFFERENCES, WHAT
DO WE ALL HAVE IN
COMMON DEEP
INSIDE OF US?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

It seems that people have always been, and will always be, unwaveringly divided. Opposing cultural and political attitudes often result in fiery confrontations. Though our differences may seem irreconcilable, a new discovery shows that deep within, there is something that connects us all together. To see what that is, fold-in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



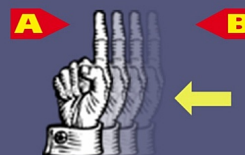
ANTIPATHY AS EXPRESSED BY HOSTILE GIMICKRY IS A COMMON SIGHT IN MAJOR METROPLEXES. DISAGREEMENTS CAN SEEM EVERLASTING, AND DESPITE WHAT THE DEMOGRAPHICS MAY BE, THIS ONE THING UNITES US ALL.

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A

B



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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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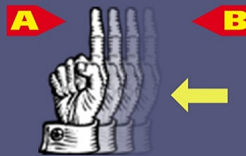
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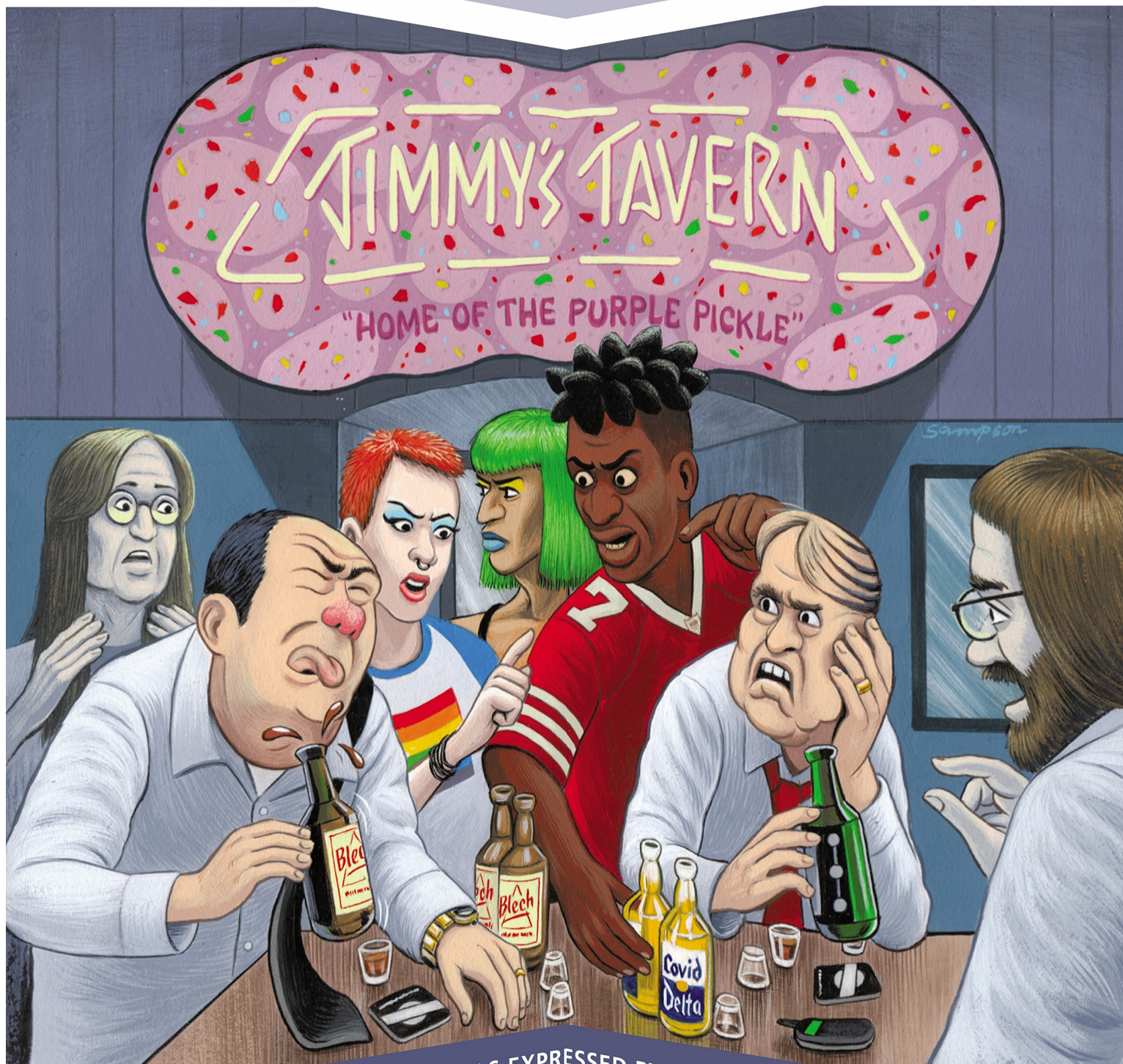
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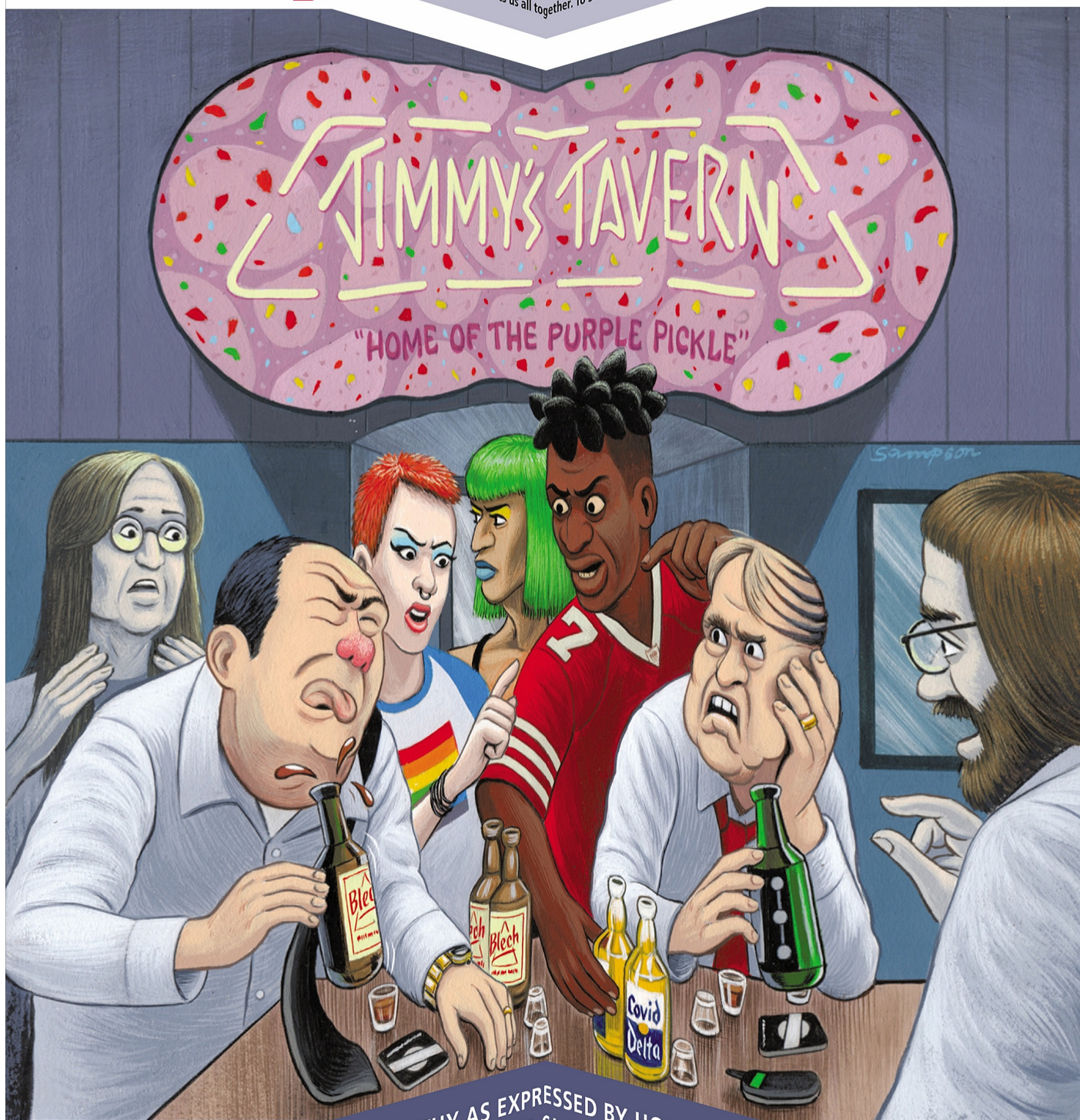
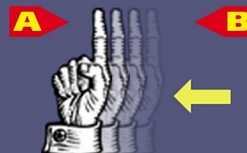
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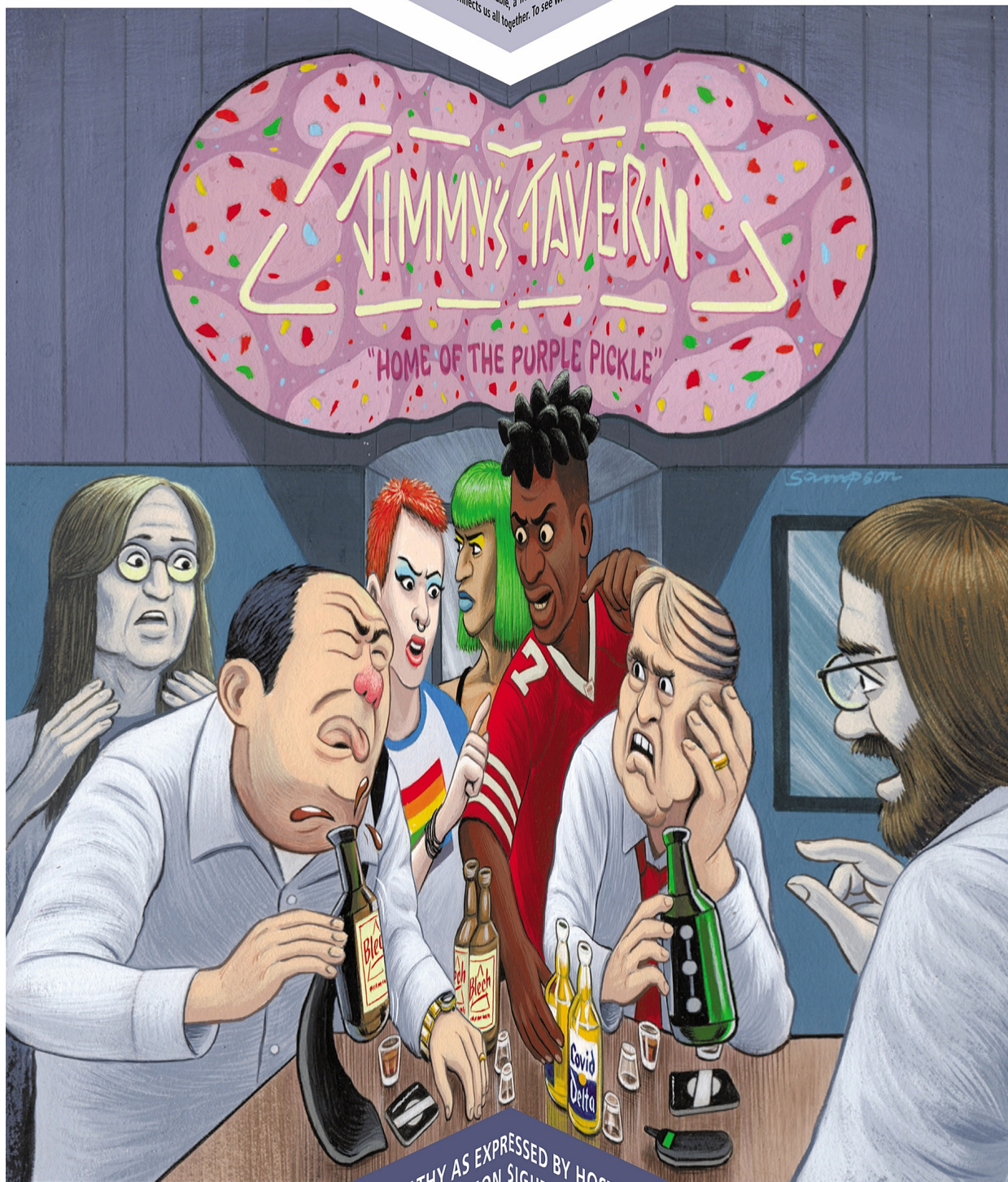
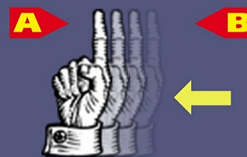
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It seems that people have always been and will always be, unwaveringly divided. Opposing cultural and political attitudes often result in fiery confrontations. Though our differences may seem irreconcilable, a new discovery shows that deep within, there is something that connects us all together. To see what that is, fold-in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



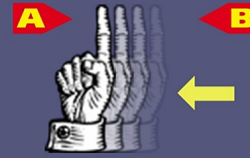
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

DESPITE OUR MANY
DIFFERENCES, WHAT
DO WE ALL HAVE IN
COMMON DEEP
INSIDE OF US?

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MAD FOLD-IN
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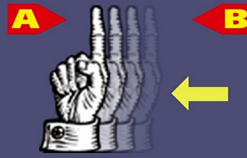


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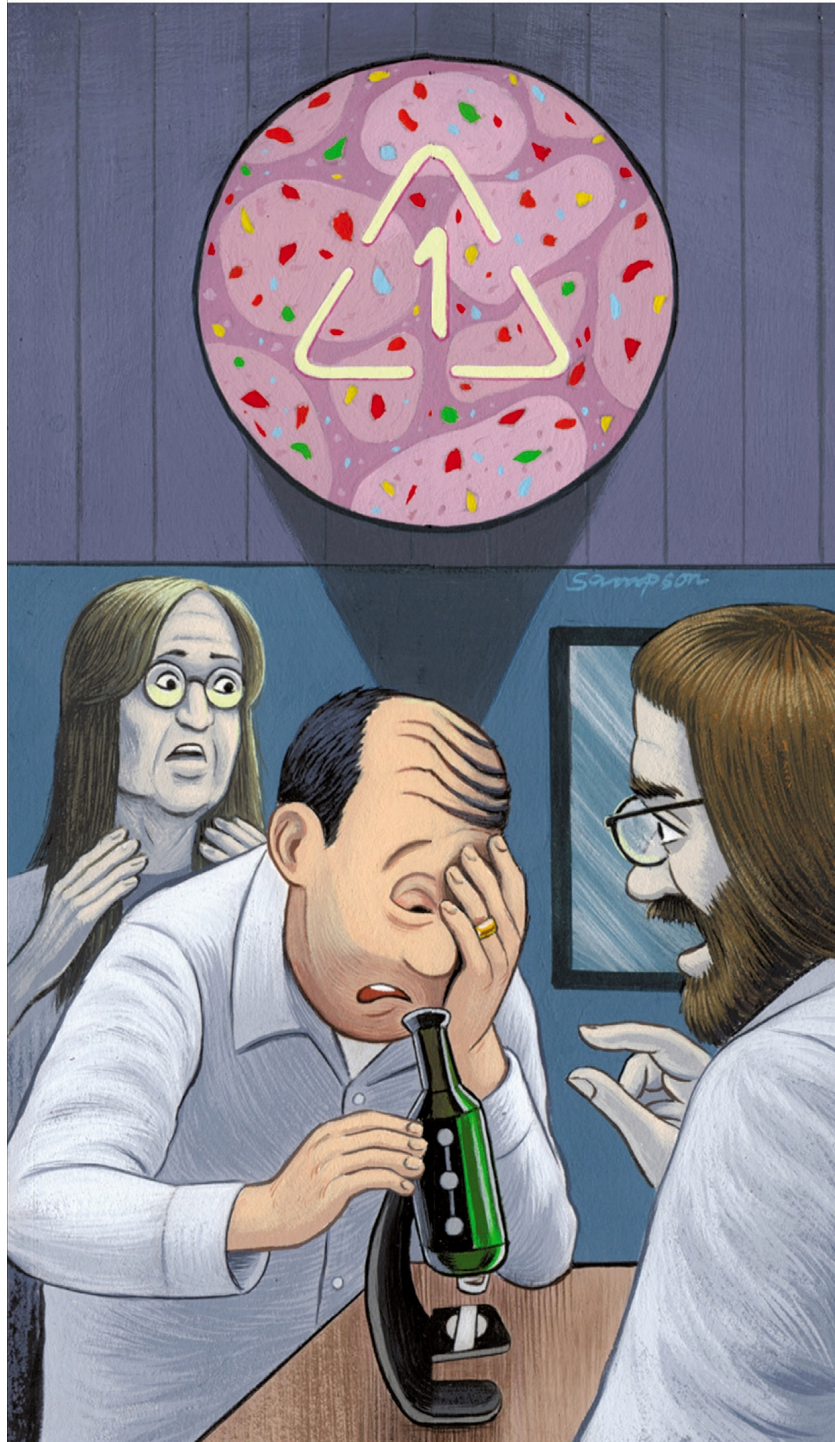
WRITER & ARTIST: DORRIN SAMPSON

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A B

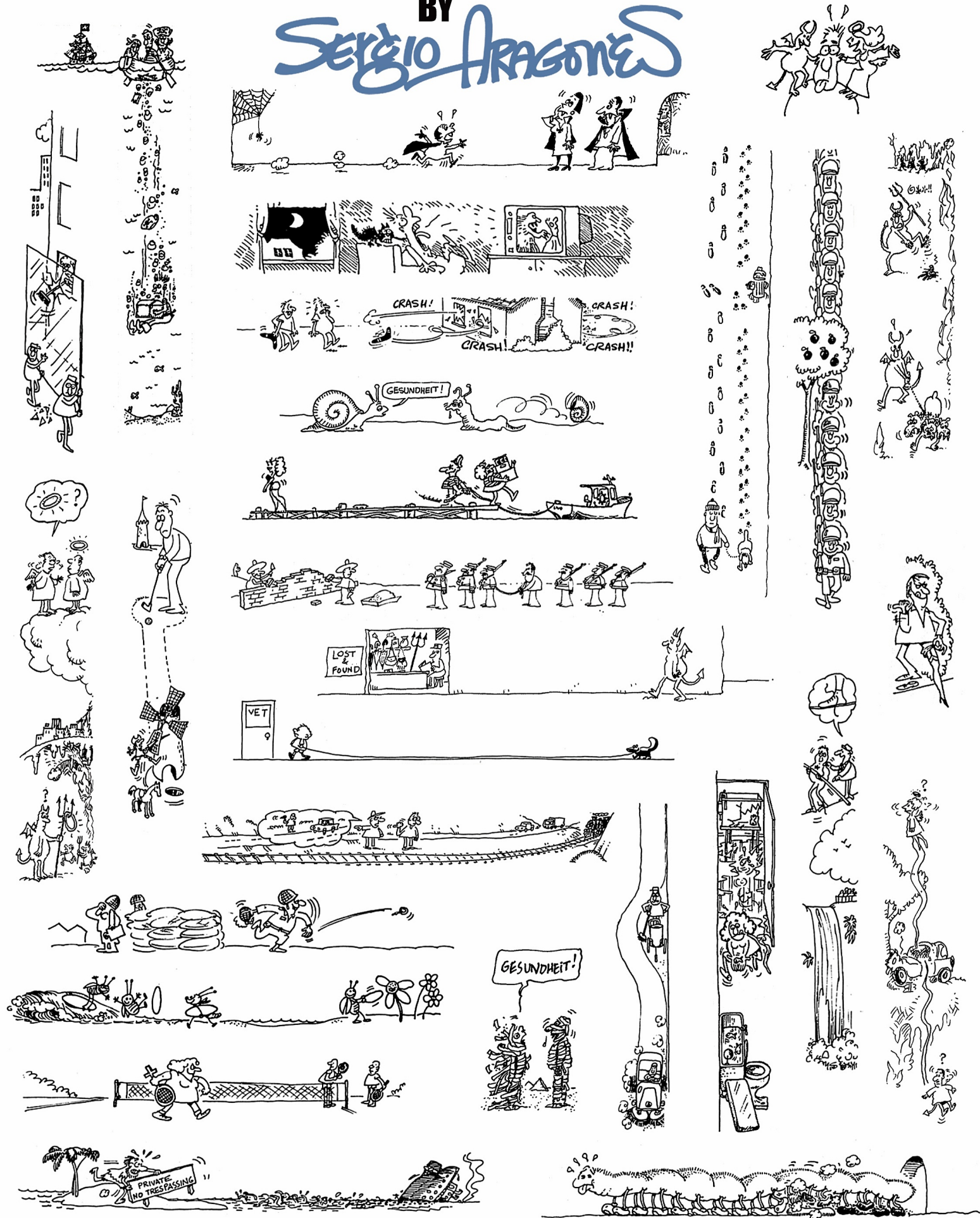


MICRO-
PLAS-
TICS

A B

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #57, SEP. 1960



Good things begin to happen when you find one of 'em in your soup

(mainly, you got a chance to beat the check!)

Weekly allowance running short? Just reach for a can of Sham-bugs. It takes only a few short minutes to solve your embarrassing financial predicament.

Yes, good things begin to happen when you float a "Sham-bug" in your school lunch soup, mainly because it gives you the chance to blow your top, and stalk out without paying the check.

Good things for Daddy, too—because those high-priced fancy restaurants he dines in are particularly susceptible to this sure-fire old gag.

There are many kinds of Sham-bugs to choose from. Also steel slivers, hairs, and broken glass if you're squeamish.

Hey . . . have *you* beaten a check today?

A MAD AD PARODY
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

Once a day . . . you don't pay . . . with *Sham-bug's*



MAD

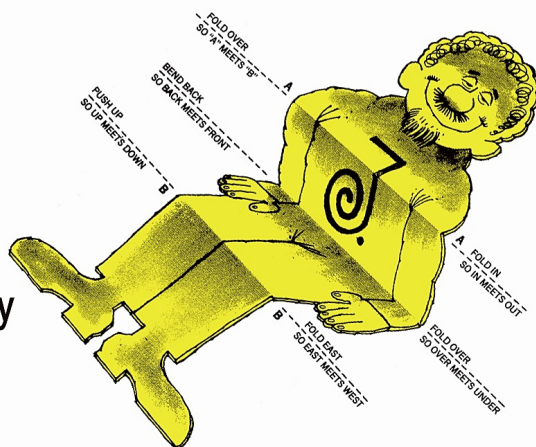
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Can you take one more good vs. evil themed parody and *not* hurl? Maybe we should say good vs. bad acting...Or bad acting vs. worse acting? Keeping the theme constant, like Keanu's articulation, enjoy "Constant-theme," from 2005's MAD #451.



And speaking of evil, and the folding in of society we present a prescient and unresolvedly sad MAD classic commentary from the ever perceptive Al Jaffee.





"WHOA" BE GONE DEPT.

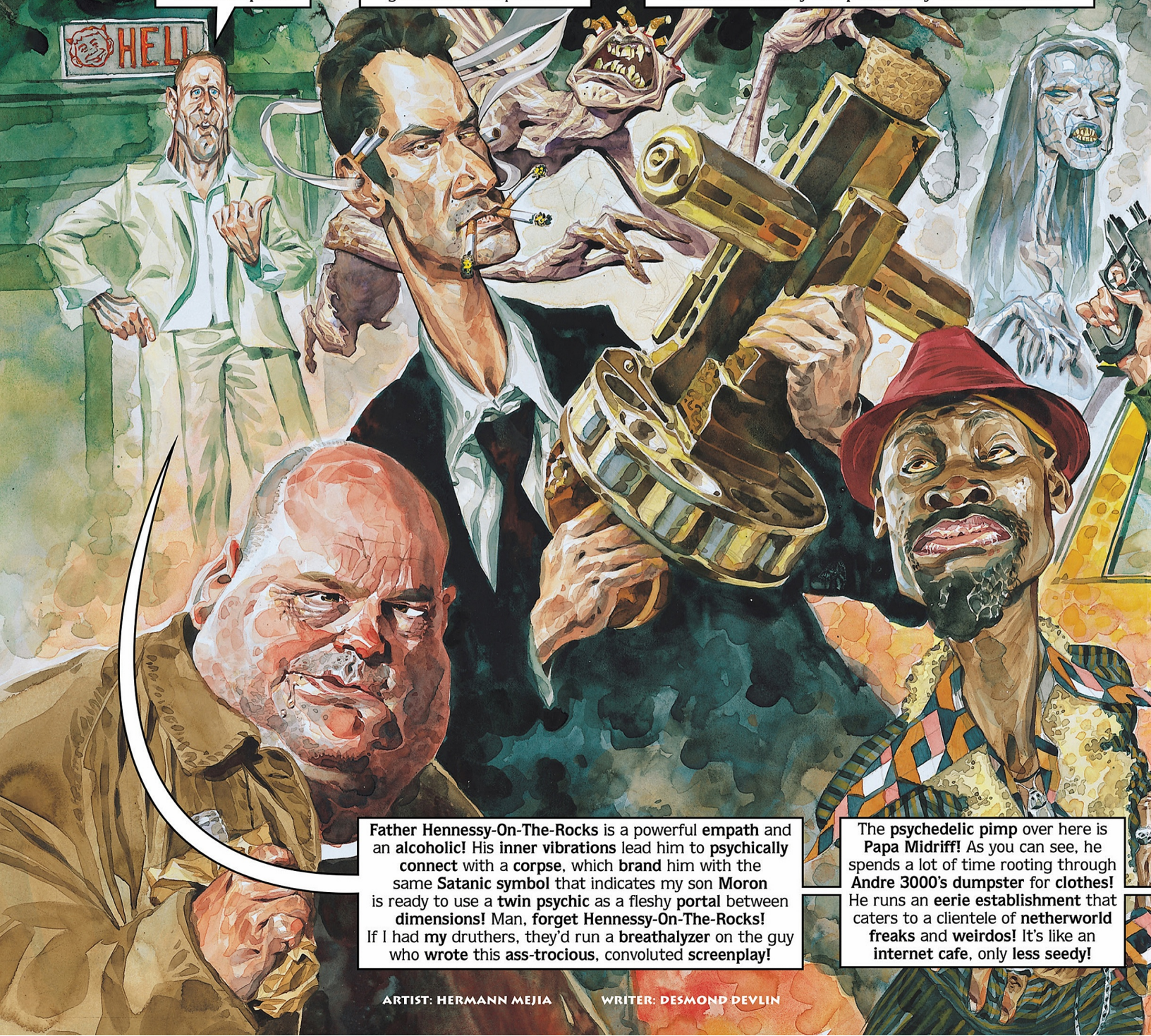
Remember when Keanu Reeves played the focal point of unsuspected multi-dimensional evil trying to break through to everyday existence in *The Devil's Advocate*? How about when he followed that up by playing the focal point of unsuspected multi-dimensional evil trying to break through to everyday existence in *The Matrix*? And, uh, the same focal point in *Matrix Reloaded*? Not to mention *Matrix Revolutions*? So, just how many times is Mr. Excitement going to amble through the exact same part? Judging from his latest devils-and-angels FX-fest, Keanu intends to do it again and again. It's a...

CONS

Hiya! Satan here! I'm the ultimate personification of movie evil! So sorry, Harvey Weinstein, you just got bumped down to second place!

This sullen cardboard cutout is John Constant-theme! When Johnny was a child, he was declared clinically dead for 2 minutes! After you see his mumbling performance in this film, you'll say he's got his record up to 90!

Our boy's got "Pizza Hut Lungs!" They have a double crust! And after the cancer gets him, his soul belongs to me. Constant-theme's headed for a realm of unending smoke, and fire, and choking clouds of brimstone! Although, at the pace he burns through cigarettes, he might not notice the difference! When the Philip Morris Company had to pay off their \$2.6 billion anti-smoking settlement, half of the money was profits they made from HIM!



Father Hennessy-On-The-Rocks is a powerful empath and an alcoholic! His inner vibrations lead him to psychically connect with a corpse, which brand him with the same Satanic symbol that indicates my son Moron is ready to use a twin psychic as a fleshy portal between dimensions! Man, forget Hennessy-On-The-Rocks! If I had my druthers, they'd run a breathalyzer on the guy who wrote this ass-trocious, convoluted screenplay!

The psychedelic pimp over here is Papa Midriff! As you can see, he spends a lot of time rooting through Andre 3000's dumpster for clothes! He runs an eerie establishment that caters to a clientele of netherworld freaks and weirdos! It's like an internet cafe, only less seedy!

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

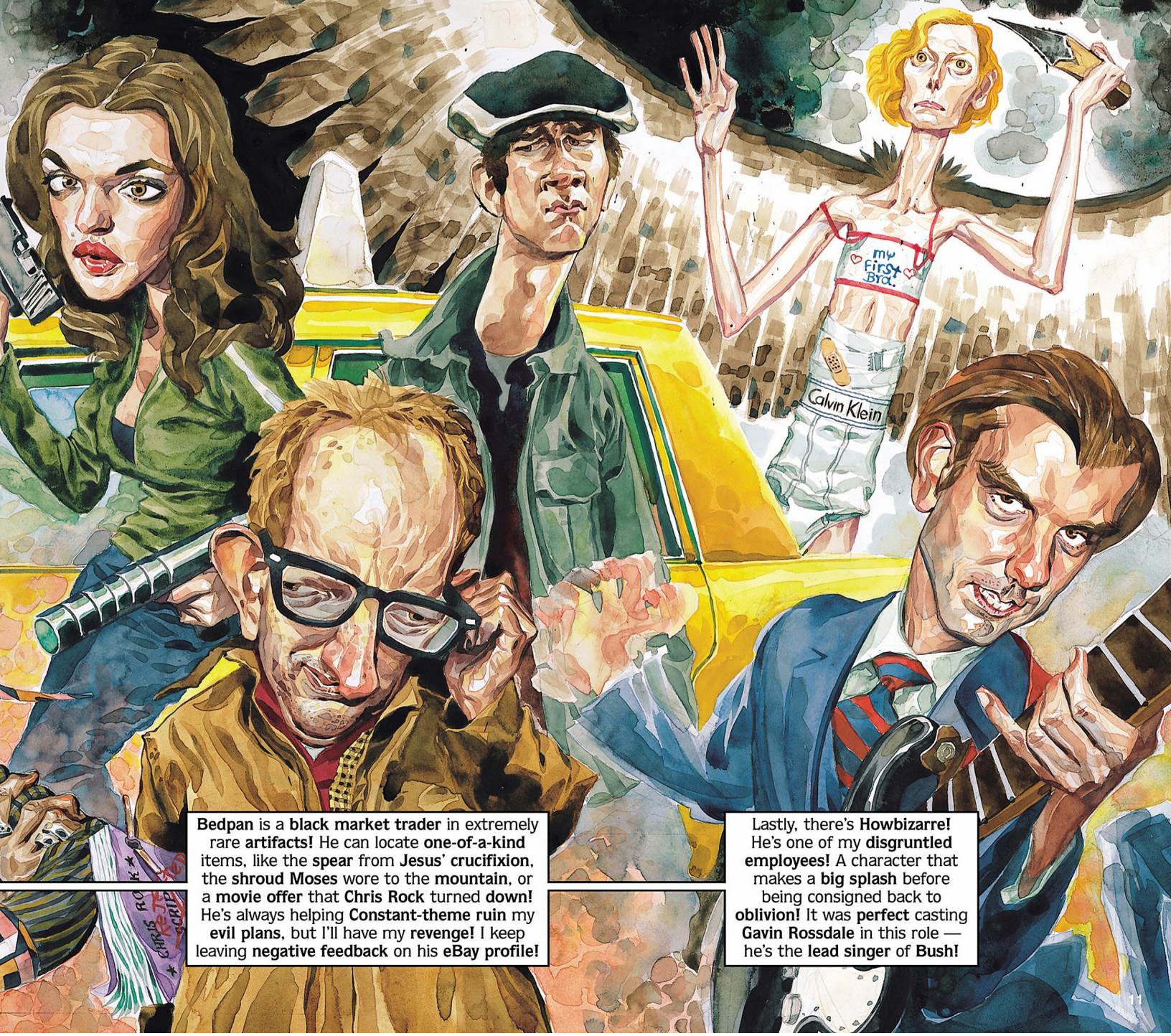
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

T A N T - T H E M E

This little chick with a nightstick is **Angina Dudson**! She's a **Los Angeles cop** with a twin sister! The **L.A.P.D.** started hiring **identical twins** in **1998**! Smart move! It helps **confuse the hell** out of **juries**, while they're watching **videotaped beatings**!

Everybody in **L.A.** has their own **personal assistant**, but **Spaz Chandler** is just about the **only** one whose **job description** includes **exorcising screeching demonspawn** — that is, other than **Angelina Jolie's assistant**, of course! **Spaz** faces every challenge with **spunk and sass**! That's because there's only **one thing** that's older than the **ancient curse of the fallen seraphim** — the clichéd, wisecracking movie sidekick who talks "**street**"!

I don't want to call this one "**ambiguous**," but she puts the "**bi**" in "**Bible**"! It's **Glockenspiel**, the **angel with attitude**! She thinks that **humans are filthy creatures** who don't deserve **salvation**! Obviously she's been watching a lot of **Desperate Housewives**!



Bedpan is a **black market trader** in extremely rare artifacts! He can locate **one-of-a-kind** items, like the **spear from Jesus' crucifixion**, the **shroud Moses wore to the mountain**, or a **movie offer** that **Chris Rock** turned down! He's always helping **Constant-theme** ruin my evil plans, but I'll have my **revenge**! I keep leaving **negative feedback** on his **eBay profile**!

Lastly, there's **Howbizarre**! He's one of my **disgruntled employees**! A character that makes a **big splash** before being consigned back to **oblivion**! It was **perfect casting** **Gavin Rossdale** in this role — he's the **lead singer of Bush**!

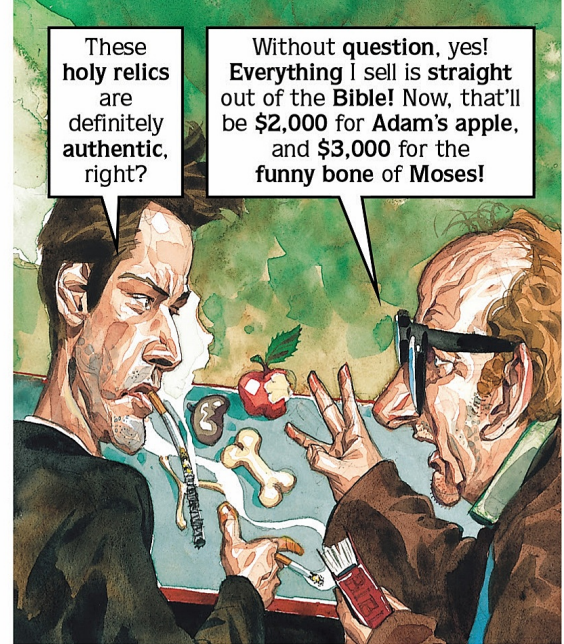


Is this the strangest thing you've ever seen?

Nope! We're in a teenager's room! The only uncluttered spot for her to **BE** is that empty area on the ceiling! Quickly! Bring me a full-length mirror so I can exorcise the demon within her and save her soul!

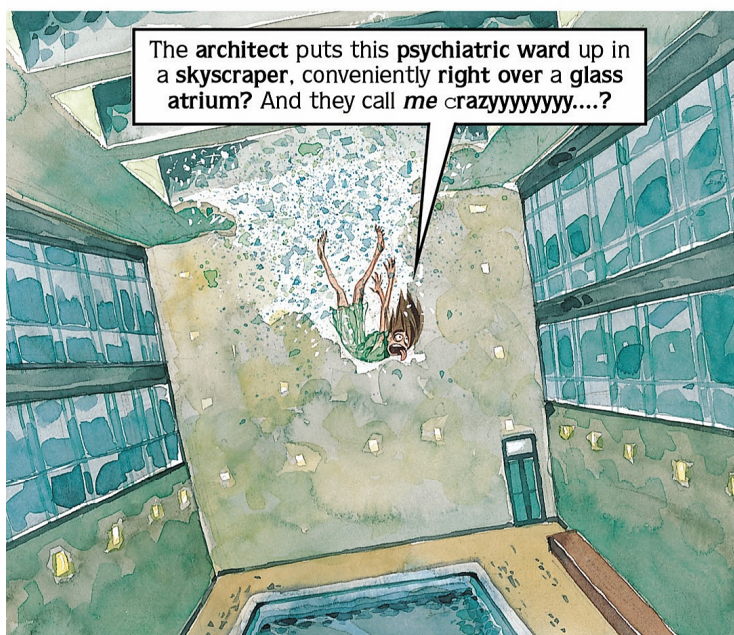
Where can I find one of those?

Are you kidding me? This is L.A., the most vain and self-absorbed location on the planet! By city ordinance there's one on every corner!



These holy relics are definitely authentic, right?

Without question, yes! Everything I sell is straight out of the Bible! Now, that'll be \$2,000 for Adam's apple, and \$3,000 for the funny bone of Moses!

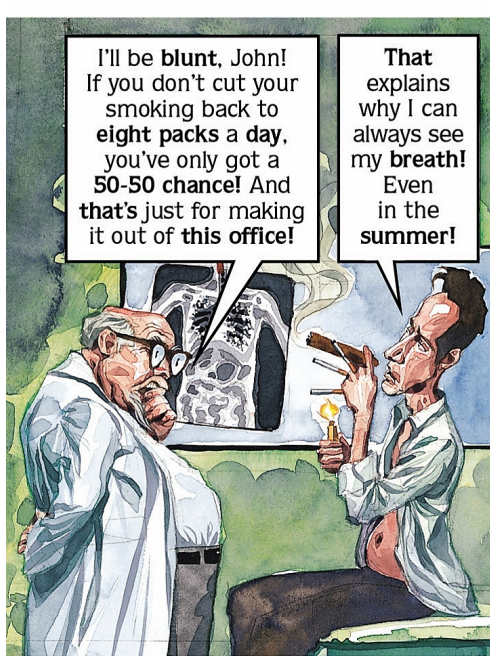


The architect puts this psychiatric ward up in a skyscraper, conveniently right over a glass atrium? And they call *me* crazyyyyyyy....?



I'm investigating my twin sister's alleged suicide from the last panel, Mr. Constant-theme! It's certainly a weird place you've got!

Thank you! I pay \$850 rent, \$300 gas and electric, and \$1,200 a month for Venetian blinds!



I'll be blunt, John! If you don't cut your smoking back to eight packs a day, you've only got a 50-50 chance! And that's just for making it out of this office!

That explains why I can always see my breath! Even in the summer!



You can't get into heaven, John! You've lied! You've sinned! You've doubted! You've killed!

True! But at least I refused to do *Speed 2*! Doesn't that count for something? Send Sandra Bullock to Hell, not me!



Bleeegghhh! Hackkk! Stinking vermin in my hair, crawling all over me! It's a lot like the last time I ate at the Fresno Mall food court!





A computer search is a good way to find out John Constant-theme's **background!** And it's a **GREAT** way for **lazy-ass screenwriters** to squeeze in sorely-needed **exposition!** Hmmm...I wonder if these **nude photos of Satan** were **Photoshopped?** Okay...here he is! **Interests:** standing alone against the **Lord of Darkness** and his army of **demons!** Alone?! So, he's **single!**



Look at these things! I wish I had **The Bug Zapper of Bathsheba!**



Are you sure you can locate my **sister** in **Hell**, by staring into **Cuddlefuzz's** eyes?

It's **working!** I can feel myself descending into the **fiery realm of man's eternal agony!** Either that or **Cuddlefuzz** is **clawing my junk!**



Oh, this is more like it! I'm most definitely in **Hell** now!

Flee, while you can! It's **inhuman!** They're showing the **director's cuts** for **every screening!** Even **Zoolander!**

BEN STILLER & OWEN WILSON FILM FESTIVAL



Now I know how **Satan's son** plans to enter **Earth!** I must tell **John** **immediately!** But I have a **compulsion** to drink **every bottle** of **liquor** in this shop! Even though I'm drinking **gallons**, it tastes like **every bottle** is **empty!** Howbizarre's **demonic force** must be **controlling me!** Yeah, the **cops'll** believe **THAT** one when they **pull me over** for **DUI!**

Tsk, tsk. **Shocking behavior** from a **man of the cloth.**

The sad thing is, he's only the **3rd** most **wasted person** in here!



Oh no! **Bedpan** is **dead** and covered in **flies!**

This is **awful!** Just **awful!** I'd assumed that the loud **buzzing noise** when I spoke to **Bedpan** on the **phone** was another **bad connection!** I cancelled my **cell service** for **nothing!**



I hope this **bathtub stunt** helps me **reconnect** with my **dormant psychic abilities!** Do I need to **take off** all my **clothes** for this?

Let me think... **no!**

Whaddaya mean **NO?!** Ya **freakin' jerk!** Now I hope **Satan** **does** kick your **ass!**



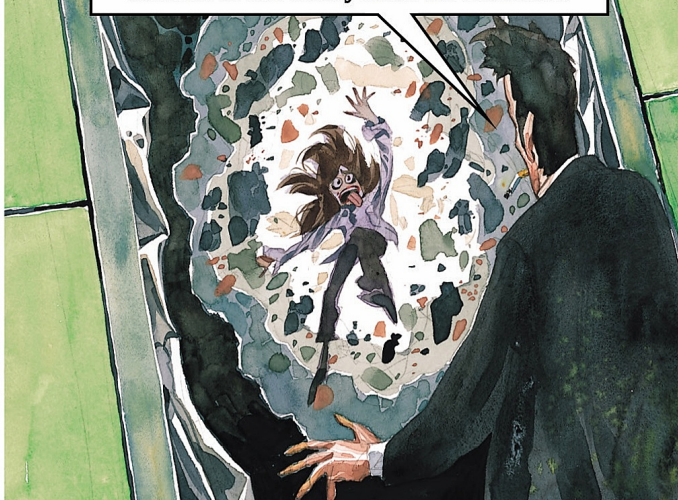
You killed my friend, the priest!
You killed my friend, the antiques dealer!
You've completely ruined this year's Secret Santa!

Taking fragile human souls and destroying them is what I do best! Well, me and Xbox game programmers!

Let's see! I'm up against a divine being, organically imbued with the powers of Satan and God Himself!
Clearly, my only rational move here is a punch in the mouth!



Dear God, it's horrible! An invisible hell-demon just kidnapped Angina! First her sister, now her! I haven't seen Satan take such a personal interest in one family since the Baldwins!



Where's the chair, Papa Midriff? By electrocuting myself, either I'll discover the details of Satan Junior's plan, or I'll be dead! It's a no-lose situation!

No can do, John! I'm entirely neutral! I'm Switzerland!

I think you're just too afraid to fight!

Okay, so I'm France, too!



Uhhhh! Guhhhh! Whoa!

Turn off the juice! He's flatlining!

No, that's just his natural monotone! He always says his lines that way!



This is where your 50,000-volt vision of the scavenger told us to go! But before we fight the demons, let's make sure we're properly equipped!

Holy water?

Dragon's breath?

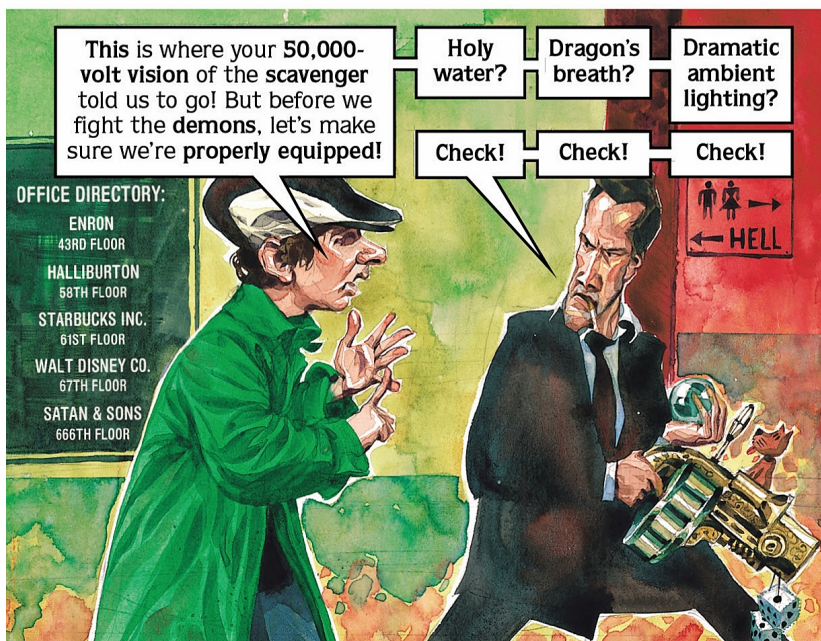
Dramatic ambient lighting?

Check!

Check!

Check!

OFFICE DIRECTORY:
ENRON
43RD FLOOR
HALLIBURTON
58TH FLOOR
STARBUCKS INC.
61ST FLOOR
WALT DISNEY CO.
67TH FLOOR
SATAN & SONS
666TH FLOOR

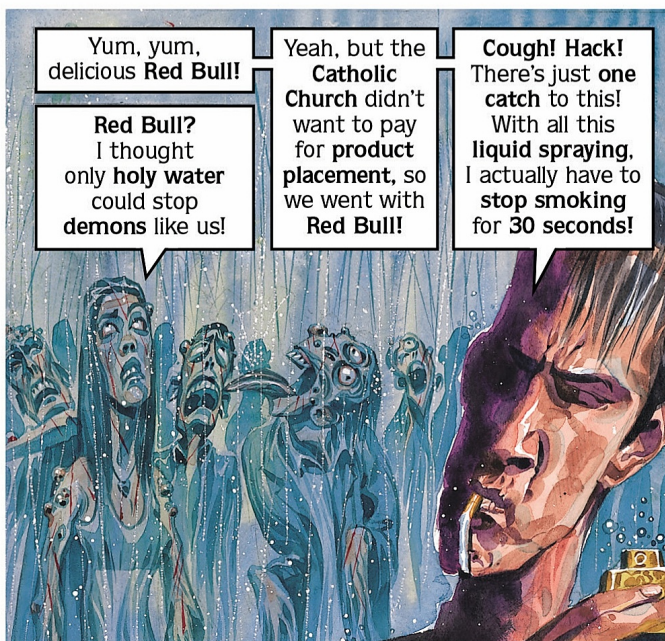


Yum, yum, delicious Red Bull!

Red Bull? I thought only holy water could stop demons like us!

Yeah, but the Catholic Church didn't want to pay for product placement, so we went with Red Bull!

Cough! Hack! There's just one catch to this! With all this liquid spraying, I actually have to stop smoking for 30 seconds!



Listen! That first demon you exorcised was trying to grease the **interdimensional entryway** for **Satan's son**! That's not allowed, but the **loophole** in an **alternate Bible** lets him **cross over** to our plane by **possessing a psychic**, and using her as a **conduit**! When the **first psychic** killed herself to **thwart** the plot, they needed a **quick replacement**! Luckily, her **twin** also happened to be **psychic**! The **empath priest's amulet** slowed them down, sure, but now they've got her **AND** the **Spear of Destiny**!

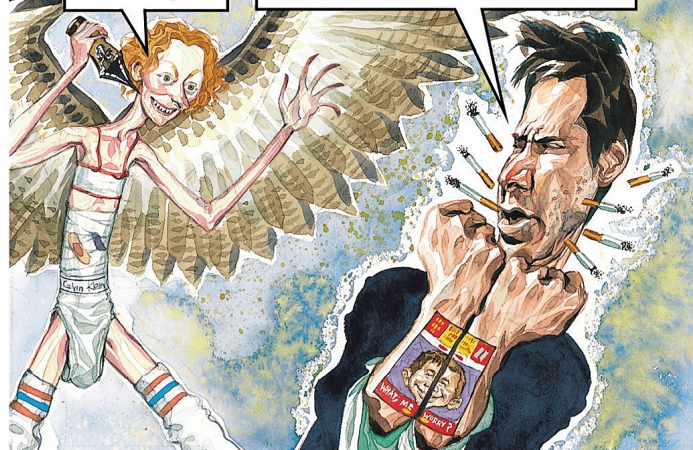
That makes **no sense**!

It does if you've just suffered a **massive head injury**! Time for me to die now...**gack**!



Ha Ha! Yes, that's **right**! The **mastermind** was **ME**, the angel **Glockenspiel**!

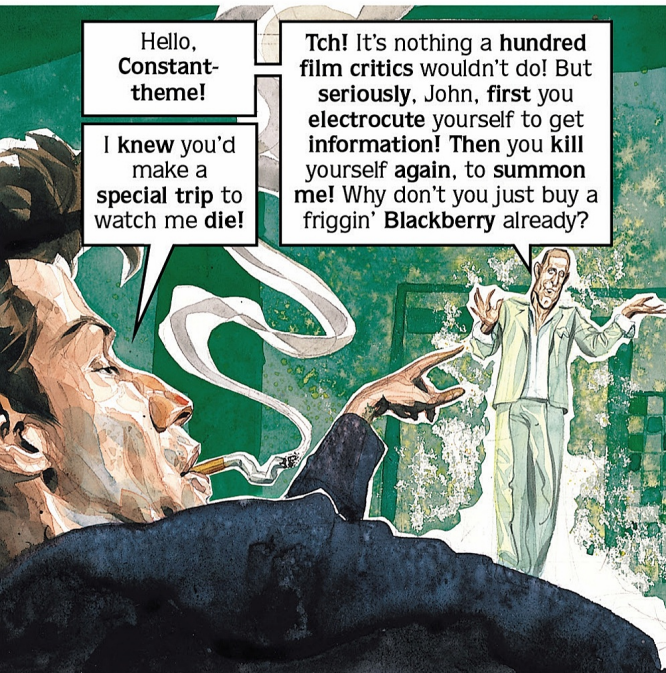
Wow, what a **shock**! There were about **eight characters** in this movie! **Five** of them are **dead**...one of them's the **hostage**...and one of them is **me**! It's harder to predict the winner in a game of **Rock-Paper-Scissors**!



Hello, **Constant-theme**!

I **knew** you'd make a **special trip** to watch me die!

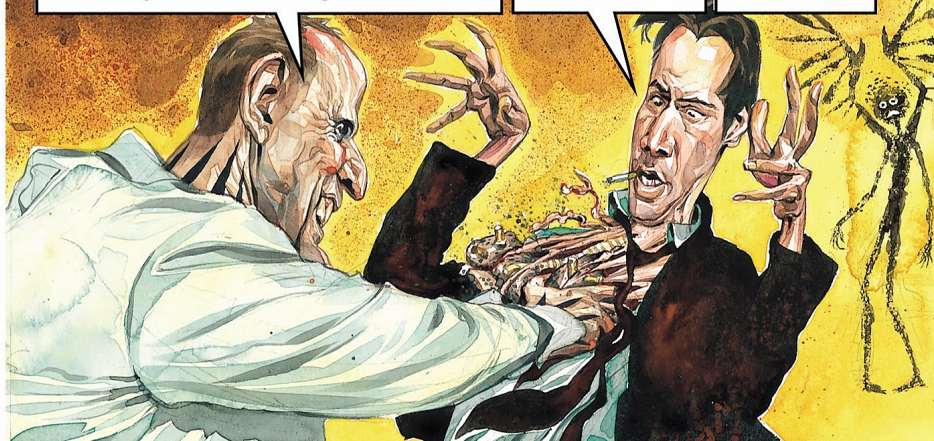
Tch! It's nothing a **hundred film critics** wouldn't do! But **seriously**, John, first you **electrocute** yourself to get **information**! Then you **kill** yourself again, to **summon** me! Why don't you just buy a friggin' **Blackberry** already?



I get it! By **killing yourself**, you knew I'd show up and banish my son **Moron** back to the **underworld**, and that would finally **redeem** you and you'd go to **heaven** rather than **hell**! Well, if I can't take you to **hell** with me, I'll **heal** you so you can't go **anywhere** at all! It'll be like having a **"standby" ticket** on a **major air carrier**!

Ggggyyaaaaahhh! You're ripping out my **cancerous tumor** with your **bare hands**! What is this?

It's the **Republicans'** new **health care plan**! That'll be a **\$15 co-pay**, meatbag!



Take the **Spear of Destiny** and **hide** it! **Someplace** where I can't find it! **Someplace** where there can't possibly be a **sequel** to this mess!

So, that's it for the **love story**? "Wham, bam, you're not **damned**"?

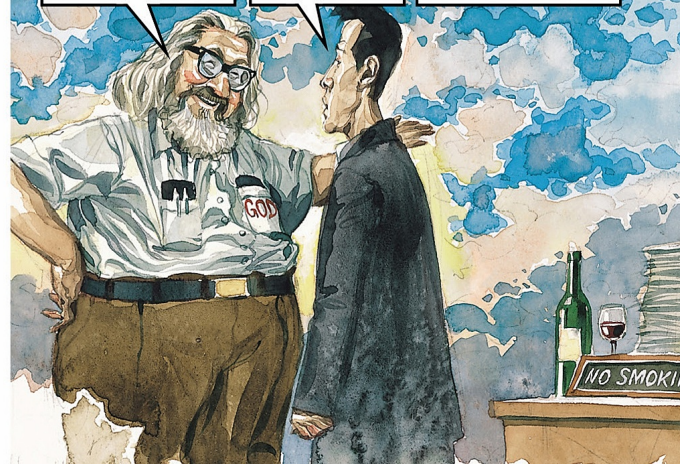
It would never **work out** between an **L.A.P.D. cop** and a **demon fighter**! We're from **different worlds**! One is a **swirling chaos** of **sudden violence**, in which **innocent souls** are viciously **attacked** for all **eternity**! And in the other, I'm busy fighting **Satan**!



My son, you've done **well**! You've displayed **bravery, faith** and **purity**! Is there **anything** I can **grant** you?

Yes, **God**, there is! I'd really like to get an **Oscar nomination** sometime!

Sorry! I don't do **miracles** that **big**! Besides, a **nomination** for you seems more like the **work** of the **devil**!



**WHAT DIRE
SITUATION IS LAW
ENFORCEMENT
FAILING TO
CONTROL?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Between murders, assaults, drugs, prostitution and robbery, fighting street crime has always been difficult for policemen all around the country. However, there is one type of crime that is proving to be tougher to stop than any other. To find out what this particular crime is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**POLITICIANS ARE ALWAYS SAYING THAT CRIME AND VICE
ARE DOWN. BUT CITIZENS WHO'VE BORNE THE
BRUNT OF VIOLENCE SEE A FUTURE OF INJURY AND FATALITY**

A

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

B

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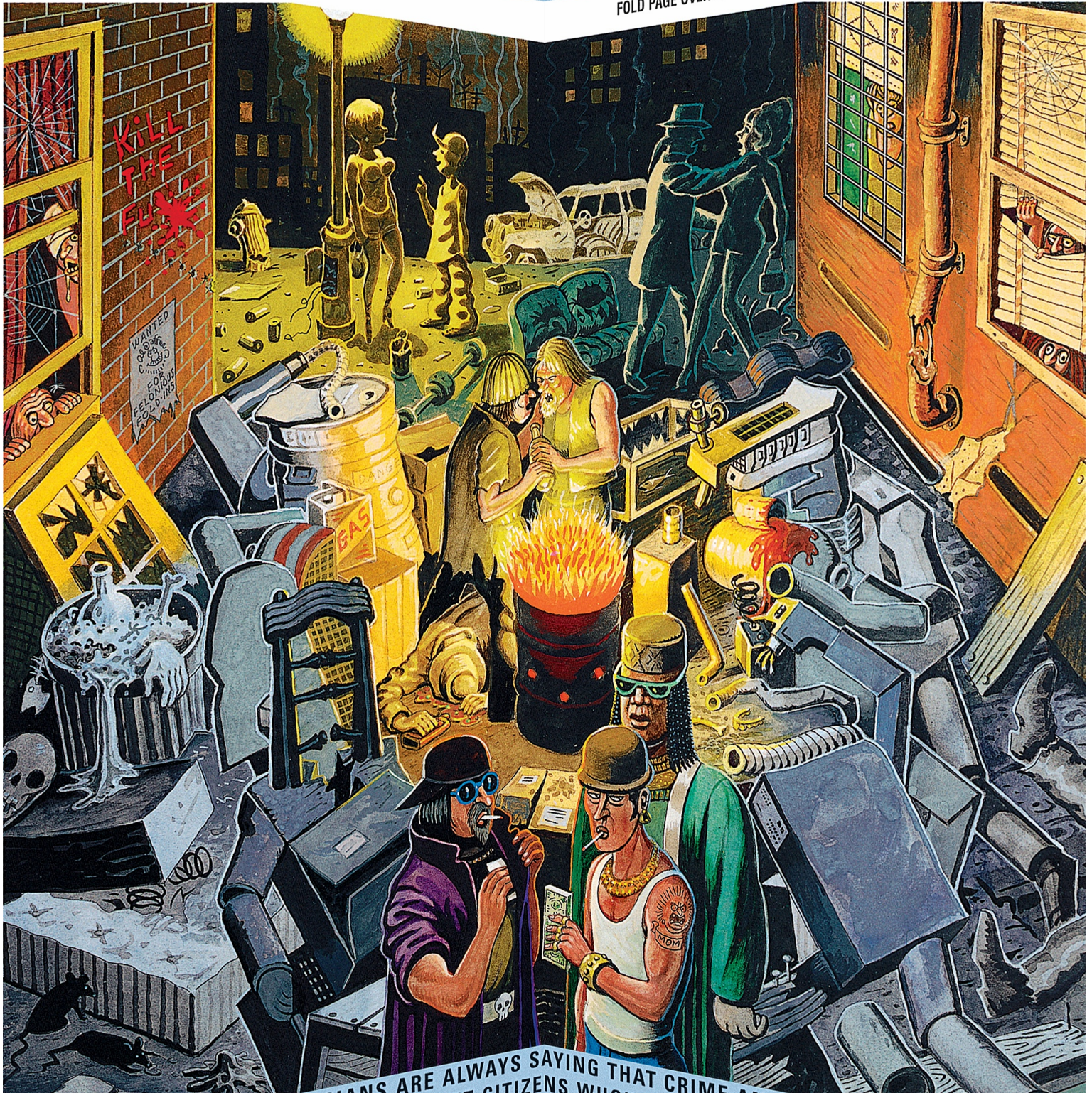
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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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POLICE

BRUTALITY

A B

MAD

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

